

SELECT

REVIEWS OF LITERATURE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

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FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

The Life of Arthur Murphy, Esq. by Jesse Foote, Esq. his executor. Qto. p. 464, Faulder. 1811.

WE knew Mr. Arthur Murphy twenty years before Mr. Foote's acquaintance with him commenced: in the days of the Grecian Daughter, and Alzuma, when theatrical squabbles and political parties ran so high that between the one and the other a dramatic author was almost sure in avoiding Scylla to be wrecked on Charybdis. Mr. Foote's volume affords proof of the truth of this; but nothing equal to what the facts of the time would justify. We are however, glad to see so much disclosed and discussed as appears in it, of the management behind the curtain, since it contributes to explain the reasons for that absence of dramatic talent which at present disgraces the English stage, and that distance which competent writers maintain from managerial and histrionic intrigue.

Whoever wishes to preserve that peace of mind without which life has no enjoyment, must be extremely cautious of forming connexions with the stage. Appearances are the traffic of the theatre and its company: they

produce their effect on mere spectators; but those who have been allowed the privilege of the house, as to its interior, have seen as neat devices practised in private, as ever excited wonder in public—but they have, too often, terminated rather in sardonic than in hearty laughter.

From the severity of Churchill to Murphy, in the Rosciad, which Mr. F. wisely keeps out of sight;—from the severity of Murphy to Churchill in various poems, to some of which Mr. F. has given circulation;—from the *periodical* squabbles of Murphy with Garrick, which Mr. F. does not attempt to vindicate;—from the “alternate laughings and cryings” of the disappointed Mrs. Abington, with the interference of Hugh Kelly, and the patchwork of Isaac Bickerstaff, [men whom we well remember]—and from other incidental illusions, the reader of this life of Murphy, may gather something of the involved mysteries of theatrical oppositions; as from the condemnation of two plays of Murphy, (and others, not mentioned, of Dr.

Kenrick, Kelly, &c.) from *political* motives merely, he may conjecture the violence of party, and the *mean-nesses* to which the *soi-disant* Town could *then* condescend, for the purpose of mortifying and even injuring an opponent in politics. Hard indeed, was the fate of a writer who presumed to think he could afford instruction to the public in a manner different from that which the public affected to call *popular*, and to which it was endeavoured to affix the epithet *national*, when not only his pamphlets continued unread,—against which he could say nothing; but his intentions to amuse were scouted, as if infected with the poison supposed to lurk in his more argumentative lucubrations.

Mr. Murphy wrote in favour of lord Holland, and in consequence was acquainted with Charles Fox, his son: strange surely, was his fate, who in early life endured the obloquy of writing in favour of "old Reynard," yet lived to see the "young cub" hallooed and complimented—is it credible!—as "the man of the people."

Mr. Foote has given us an amusing volume in this work. At the same time that it records the memorabilia in the life of Mr. Murphy, it presents an animated sketch of part of the literary history of his times; comprising the dramatic and poetical departments of British literature. Mr. Murphy had a very numerous acquaintance, most of whom were men who figured in society with no small eclat, from the middle of the last century till 1805, the year of his death. The numerous anecdotes of the statesmen, orators, authors, and actors, with whom he was familiar, must give an interest to the book which records his life. Mr. Foote writes unfettered by any rules. He digresses frequently; but his digressions make ample amends for what short interruptions they occasion to the story.

Dr. Johnson had a very high opinion of Arthur Murphy; he speaks, in

one of his *Ramblers*, in terms of praise respecting the 78th number of the *Gray's Inn Journal*, on the character of king Lear; (this was in 1754;) he continued attached to this writer as long as he lived, and he counted him one of the best bred men, and, to use his own expression, "one of the finest gentlemen he had ever known." Murphy's introduction to Johnson was owing to a singular circumstance:

'Being at Foote's house in the country, and not being disposed to lose pleasure for business, he determined to supply his bookseller with some unstudied essay for the *Gray's-Inn Journal*. He therefore had recourse to the *French Journal Litteraire*; and translating something that he liked, despatched it to the press. It was, however, soon after pointed out to him, that he had actually translated a *Rambler*, which had been inserted in the foreign publication without acknowledgment. Mr. Murphy accordingly waited upon Doctor Johnson, to explain this curious incident; and a friendship was then commenced, which continued without interruption till the death of the latter.'

Mr. Foote, in compiling his book, had a very good chart to steer by. Late in life, Mr. Murphy committed to paper a compendious history of himself. This is given at length; and as Mr. M. was singularly exact with regard to dates, it was of great use to his biographer. The book contains some plates—a portrait of Mr. M. aged 50 years, this is the frontispiece, (which when at Dance's we remember thinking a good likeness) an engraving of a bust of him at the age of 72; four *fac simile* letters written by him at different periods of his life; and a portrait of Miss Elliot, the actress, for whom he wrote the lively character of Maria in *The Citizen*.

Mr. Murphy may be regarded, 1st, as a man of general literature, exemplified in his *Gray's-Inn Journal*; 2d, as a dramatic author; 3d, as a lawyer; and 4th, as the translator of Tacitus.

1. No. 1. of the *Gray's-Inn Journal*,



'Appeared on the twenty-first day of October, 1752, before Mr. Murphy had entered his twenty-fifth year. This must be considered as an arduous undertaking, especially at a period when the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, the *Guardian*, and the *Rambler*, were in the highest state of popularity and impression, and while the *Adventurer* was in its progressive state of publication.

'It was an attempt admirably adapted to display talent and obtain reputation; and as every week was to give birth to a new theme, this plan generalized his reason, awakened his imagination, and incited his industry in quest of variety. This was the first fruit of his observations upon men and manners, and the accumulated stock of his knowledge.'

The cause of dropping this publication was owing to another circumstance of whimsical notoriety in its day. It is not, however, mentioned by Mr. Foote. Mr. Murphy arrived at his chambers one evening, and not feeling himself in the humour to write an essay, he published one found in his letter-box, which had been written by some wag; and contained an account of a most valuable discovery made of immense quantities of peat in Florida. This, it was gravely asserted, was of prodigious importance to the West India Islands, which were always (it was said) distressed for fuel, whether for boiling of sugar, or for culinary purposes. Murphy, in an unguarded moment, sent this precious morsel to press. A laugh was raised against him; and the *Gray's Inn Journalist* soon ceased from his labours.

We meet with a list of Murphy's dramatic productions, rendered curious by recording the prices given by the booksellers for them. But, before we introduce this record, we ought to mention that Sir Richard Steele, in the meridian of his reputation, could get for *The Conscious Lovers* no more than 40*l.*: and that the comedy of *The Drummer*, written by Addison, himself, was sold to Tonson for 50*l.* only.

'For the farce of *The Apprentice*, Mr. Paul Valliant gave, in January 1756, the sum of forty pounds. For the farce of

*The Upholsterer*, he gave, in March 1759, the sum of forty guineas. For the tragedy of *The Orphan of China*, he gave in February 1760, the sum of one hundred guineas. For the comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, in three acts, he gave, in February 1760, the sum of fifty guineas. For the dramatic poem, in three acts, *The Desert Island*, he gave, in February 1760, the sum of fifty guineas. For the comedy of *The Way to Keep Him*, enlarged to five acts in January 1761, he gave an additional sum of fifty guineas. For the comedy of *All in the Wrong*, in November 1761, he gave the sum of one hundred guineas. For the farce of *The Old Maid*, in November 1761, he gave the sum of forty guineas. No price of sale is mentioned for the farce of *The Citizen*, nor is there any account given of it. The two pieces entitled, *No one's Enemy but his own*, a comedy, in three acts, and *What we must all come to*, a comedy, in two acts, were published and sold by Mr. Vaillant, upon Mr. Murphy's account. The tragedy of *Zenobia* was sold to Mr. Griffin, in 1768, for one hundred guineas, which were paid by two instalments of fifty guineas each. The tragedy of *The Grecian Daughter* was also sold to Mr. Griffin in 1772, for one hundred guineas; and that sum was also paid by two instalments of fifty guineas each. The tragedy of *Alzuma* was sold to Mr. Lowndes, in Fleet-street, in 1773, for one hundred guineas, and in the year 1776, the plays that were published by Mr. Vaillant were all turned over to Mr. Lowndes.

'The comedy of *Know your own Mind*, as I thought, was sold to Mr. Becket; but he denies the circumstance. The bottom of the title-page says, "Printed for T. Becket, Adelphi, Strand, 1778."

Many, perhaps most, of Mr. Murphy's characters were drawn from living personages, though not always such as might be properly called public characters. We could have been glad that Mr. F. had pointed them out, on good authority. But to render a character perfect in representation, it must be studied from nature by the actor equally, or even more, closely, than by the writer. Mr. F. applauds Woodward, who possessed, he says, a manner peculiar to himself:

'In his Barber, in *The Upholsterer*, when he opens his casement and calls out his tottering trot when he advances on the stage shaking the loose locks of hi

old gray wig; his morbid countenance, his glee, his chuckle, his bason, his working up his soapsuds; his transport at the thought of having, for the good of his country, lighted up a *farthing* candle; his having left a gentleman *half* shaved, and his replies, when impatiently called for to finish the gentleman, were all examples of the truest farce, and of the best acting.\*

This barber was a portrait: his name was Douthwaite; he lived in Brownlow-street, Holborn; and in order to *take him off* accurately, Woodward shaved with him, for a considerable time. He wrote, and we believe, published, two volumes of poems, for which his customers among the gentlemen of Gray's-Inn subscribed. Often have we admired the tottering gait of the thin, tremulous, smirking, talkative, inconsiderate old man: Woodward's personification of him was correctness itself.

We have always been advocates for the morality of the drama. We have ever nauseated the double entendre, and the obscenity, which disgrace some plays: we have never failed to hold up to derision the poor substitutes for wit and humour which are foisted into others; and we have branded, as they ought to be branded, the flagrant profaneness which flows from the lips of our actors, and the false ethics with which the German school has inundated the stage. It is with genuine approbation that we print the following passages, which truly characterize Mr. Murphy as a chaste dramatic writer. Mr. Foot says,

'As I am now about to close the account of Mr. Murphy's Dramatic life, I have chosen rather to conclude it in his own words, with the apology he has made for

himself; which is indeed referable to all his productions in the various branches of literature whereto he successively applied his admirable talents. But, although I am always most at my ease whenever I can avail myself of giving his own explanation upon the occurrences of every part of his life; yet I cannot, in honour to his fame, permit this opportunity to escape, without bearing my testimony to one general truth, that throughout all his dramatic works, there is not one vicious sentence, nor one indelicate allusion. He has applied all the force of his dramatic mind to correct, with a playful and a light hand, the foibles of human nature. He has sought "the gayest, happiest attitude of things." The study of the female character seems to have been his particular choice, and his darling dramatic passion: in all his scenes, women are delicately corrected, studiously cautioned, and constantly befriended.\* He has never lost sight of the purpose of plays, as defined by that liberal moralist and friend to virtue, Archbishop Tillotson: "Plays," says he, "may be so framed, and governed by such rules, as not only to be innocently diverting, but instructive and useful, to put some follies and vices out of countenance, which cannot perhaps be so decently reprov'd, nor so effectually exposed and corrected, any other way."—I shall now, as becomes me, let Mr. Murphy speak for himself.

"Pleasing as it is to find myself at the end of my labours, I am far from suffering my imagination to be deluded with ideas of fancied success. One point there is, upon which I can, with truth, receive the congratulations of my own heart: I look back through the whole of my work; and from *The Gray's Inn Journal* and the farce of *The Apprentice*, to the conclusion of the present volume, there is not, I believe, a single passage that can justly bring reproach upon the author. Even in the lightest and most sportful sallies of fancy, I persuade myself, that I need not blush for one indecent or immoral expression. For the wit that offends against good manners, I have had no relish.† I can, with

\* He did not seduce Diana and her Nymphs from their native woods, where they lay concealed, to expose them upon a London Theatre, as emblems of innocence in the scenes of comedy; nor did he meretriciously throw a veil of gauze over them, on purpose to raise a stronger effervescence from wanton sensuality. This he left to the *dancers of an opera stage*.

† The late veteran Cumberland joined in these sentiments. The last comedy though it failed had much merit in it. Compare *Panorama*, vol. 8. p. 477. The two last advocates of polished manners and elegant society, as writers for the stage belonging to the old school, have now left us, and as Mr. Sheridan will not write, we may safely say the field is left open to the witless authors of the day; those *marchands de galima-*



pleasure, add, that my pen was never employed in the base and malevolent office of detracting from the merit of contemporary writers."

Mr. Murphy stepped upon the stage, and performed as an actor for two seasons; and this circumstance proved an obstacle to his being admitted a law-student. He shall speak for himself.

'In the beginning of 1757, I offered to enter myself a student of the Middle Temple; but the *benchers* of that society thought fit to object to me, assigning as their reason, that I had appeared in the profession of an actor. This kindled in my breast a degree of indignation, and I was free enough to speak my mind on the occasion. I was obliged, however, to sit down under the affront; and being at the time employed in a *weekly paper*, called *The Test*, my thoughts were fixed entirely on that work. It was an undertaking in favour of Mr. Fox, afterwards lord Holland. The Newcastle administration was overturned by the resignation of Mr. Fox, then secretary of state; and an interval of four or five months ensued without any regular ministry;—When the *duke of Devonshire*, to fill a post absolutely necessary, agreed to be, during that time, first lord of the treasury. The contention for fixing a ministry lay between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox; and, during that time, *The Test* went on in favour of the latter; but, at length, the city of London declared, in a most open manner, in favour of Pitt and Legge, made them both free of the city, and invited them to a sumptuous entertainment at Guildhall. From this time, the contest between the rivals ceased:—Mr. Legge was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Pitt secretary of state, and Mr. Fox paymaster of the forces. My weekly lucubrations of course terminated; nor during their publication had I ever seen Mr. Fox: at length, in August 1757, I was invited to dine at *Holland House*. The company were, Horace Walpole, Mr. Calcraft, and Peter Taylor, who was soon after made deputy paymaster of the forces, and went to the army then commanded by prince Ferdinand. Mr. Fox was a consummate master of polite manners, and pos-

sessed a brilliant share of wit. It happened, after dinner, that the present Charles Fox, then about 13 years old, came home from Eton School. His father was delighted to see him; and, "Well, Charles," said he, "do you bring any news from Eton?"—News. None at all! Hold! I have some news I went up to Windsor to pay a fruit woman seven shillings that I owed her: the woman stared: and said, Are you son to that there Fox that is member for our town? Yes, I am his son. Po, I won't believe it; if you were his son, I never should receive this money." Mr. Fox laughed heartily; "And, here Charles; here's a glass of wine for your story." Mr. Charles Fox seemed, on that day, to promise those great abilities which have since blazed out with so much lustre.

'The contemptuous treatment I had met with at the Temple occurred to Mr. Fox, and he spoke of it in terms of strong disapprobation. In about a week after, he desired to see me at Holland House, and then told me, that he had seen Lord Mansfield, who expressed his disapprobation of the Benchers of the Temple, in a style of liberality and elegant sentiment which was peculiar to that refined genius. Lord Mansfield accordingly desired me to offer myself as a student to the society of Lincoln's-Inn, where I might be sure of a genteel reception. I obeyed this direction without delay; and I now feel, with gratitude, the polite behaviour I met with from that society.\* This was in the year 1757.'

Our readers know, that we have but lately witnessed a resolution adopted by the benchers of Lincoln's-Inn, though afterwards retracted, which formed pretty nearly a *case in point*. So do times change! The same society which admitted an actor, proposed to exclude reporters of the deliberations of our legislature. It must however be acknowledged that the study of the law is very little promoted by the study of the drama; and Mr. F. is much in the right when he says that "had Lloyd Kenyon written plays, though serious as the old *moralities*, he would not perhaps, have been the chief justice."

as, of whose ribaldry and miserable punning in lieu of wit our DIDASCALIA is a continual and lamentable memento. On this subject see an anecdote of Murphy, in our fourth volume, p. 694, exemplifying his opinion of modern dramatic literature.—*Edit.*

\* We have heard him dwell with singular pleasure, on the many happy days he had spent in company with the Benchers of Lincoln's-Inn in the long room at the Baptist's Head, Chancery-Lane, where a select society used to frequent half a century ago.—*Edit.*

The politician of our corps desires us to add a remark on the influence of popular opinion in free governments, on the governours themselves. The city of London spoke the sentiments of the nation when it decided in favour of Mr. Pitt against Mr. Fox; and we have here the frank confession of a Foxite writer, that this popular decision decided the Cabinet. In fact, the opinion of the city was long adverse to the pretensions and family of lord Holland; and the "defaulter in unaccounted millions," in spite of his letter to Beckford desiring to know by what means he might account for them faster, was an object of jealousy, of aspersion, of contempt, and in some degree of hatred, among the "true patriots" of that day. Can we wonder that the spirit of rivalry descended to their sons, or that Pitt and Fox had their partisans years afterwards?

Mr. Murphy took a very active part in the great questions respecting literary property, the law of which he thoroughly understood; he was also always retained in theatrical causes.

4. With regard to Mr. Murphy's translation of Tacitus (he translated also Sallust, and Cicero's oration against Cataline), dedicated to Mr. Burke; from Mr. Foote's history of it we find that it occupied many years of Mr. Murphy's life. In fact, it was not a performance to be executed in a hurry. It was esteemed very creditable to his powers, though he after-

wards sold the copy-right for half the copy money that had been at first offered him. Mr. F. inserts an admirable letter of Mr. Burke to Murphy, in which the character of Tacitus as a writer, with remarks on the English style of the day, are worthy of the author.

Mr. Murphy received a pension at an advanced period of life. It came suddenly on him; and he appears to have felt the honour very strongly. We should be glad to insert the letters on this occasion did our limits permit. The anecdotes recorded of Mr. Dunning (afterwards lord Ashburton,) of col. Barré, and of lord North (political opponents, once, and of contentious memory) all blind, at the same time, by decay of natural powers; of W. Wallace, the attorney general, of *rough* serj. Davy, and of the eccentric and profligate Sam. Foote, add much to the amusement of the volume; especially to those who knew the parties. As executor to Mr. Murphy, our author is commendable for contemplating the subject of his history in the most favourable point of view; and he leads his reader to find a gratification in taking the same view of his subject as he does himself.

A very interesting and masterly account of Mr. Murphy's last illness; with several pleasing fragments of comedies, and other memoranda, conclude the volume.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Narrative of the operations of a detachment in an expedition to Candy, in the island of Ceylon, in the year 1804; with some observations on the previous campaign; and on the nature of Candian warfare, &c. By major Johnston, of the 3d Ceylon regiment, then captain commandant of the detachment. 8vo. p. 138. 6s. Boards, Baldwin. 1810.

THE public have of late years been presented with two descriptions of the island of Ceylon, both of considerable length; we mean those of captain Perceval, and of the reverend James Cordiner\*. These, however, may

\* See M. R. vol. 42. N. S. p. 113, 243. and vol. 58. p. 113.



properly be termed geographical and statistical accounts of the island, while the object of the present volume is entirely military. Its author, confining himself to that department, and writing with the benefit of twelve years' residence in Ceylon, will be found to convey much information which had escaped his predecessors, and to be particularly happy in the delineation of the peculiar character of Candian warfare. The specific event, which gave rise to the present publication, took place in the autumn of 1804, at a time when major Johnston was commandant of the remote position of Baticolo, and was led, by his interpretation of orders from headquarters, to advance into the heart of the enemy's territory. A plan had indeed been formed to penetrate from the coast, with our whole force, to the hostile capital, and to take signal vengeance for the infamous massacre of our countrymen in the preceding year under the command of major Davie. Our troops were to set out from six different positions, and to proceed to Candy in as many distinct columns. All were eager for the enterprize; and the general, on visiting the several stations, made the most explicit and spirited arrangements with the respective commanding officers. On his return, however, to head quarters, it was found advisable, to desist from the execution of the plan as at first proposed, and to confine the march of the columns to partial incursions into the enemy's territory. Unfortunately, the quarter of the island through which major Johnston was to march being little known to Europeans, the definition of limits in the general's despatches was necessarily inexplicit; and the major's mind being wholly impressed with the much desired enterprize against Candy, the new orders never appeared to him in the light of a renunciation of that

project. He considered them merely as a modification of his former instructions, in respect to a change of rout and day of march; and not having time for asking, and receiving explanations, he advanced at once into the interior, where he had the mortification of finding himself at the head of an unsupported detachment, in the midst of enemies. Literal copies of the orders are given; (p. 39. and 43.) and we leave it to those among major Johnson's readers who consider the discussion as of importance, to decide between him and the general: feeling, on our own part, no desire to scrutinize a point in which so much zeal was displayed by both, and which is a military, not literary question\*.

Before he enters on the details of the expedition, major Johnston offers a series of observations on the national habits of the Candians, and on the character of their warfare. He appears to be so much master of the subject, and the information conveyed seems to us of so much importance, that we shall extract as copiously from this part of the book as our limits will permit. After having remarked that the part of Ceylon which is subject to Europeans comprehends the whole sea-coast, and encircles the king of Candy's territories like a belt, varying in breadth from ten to thirty miles, he thus proceeds:

\* Our knowledge of the interior of Ceylon is still extremely imperfect. The ruggedness of the country, and the insalubrity of the climate at any distance from the coast, have hitherto prevented our obtaining an accurate survey even of those parts in the interior under our own immediate control. Of those in possession of the Candians, consisting principally of steep and lofty mountains, in many places covered with impenetrable forests, still less is known. Well aware that our ignorance of their passes and defiles forms one of the best safeguards of their independence,

\* The result is thus stated by the author himself: 'It appeared necessary that an affair attended with such serious consequences should undergo investigation, and I was ordered round to Columbo, where a court of Inquiry was held upon my conduct. The decision of the court was, that I had not disobeyed my orders in going to Candy.'

the rulers of the Candian nation take all possible care to prevent our acquiring information on this subject. They watch the ingress and egress of their territory with unremitting vigilance. This is the less difficult, as the access is by paths along which two men can seldom go abreast. In these paths gates are fixed, and guards stationed to prevent the entrance of strangers, and to examine all passengers. Few Europeans, even in time of peace, venture to approach these barriers; and the continued detention of major Davie, since the unfortunate fate of his detachment, notwithstanding the unwearied exertions of governor North and general Maitland to effect his liberation, is an example of the extreme difficulty of escape.

‘It does not appear that the Portuguese and Dutch armies, which at different times penetrated the interior, were accompanied by men of science capable of taking topographical surveys of the country. The accounts which remain on their campaigns abound, indeed, in details of battles and marches, describing the sufferings and privations of their troops; but convey no topographical information.

The government of Candy, like most eastern governments, is purely despotic. The standing army consists of a few hundred men, chiefly mercenaries, who are generally stationed about the king’s person. They are armed with muskets, taken at different times or purchased from their European invaders. Although they possess little, if any of what is considered discipline in Europe, yet the Candians have acquired, in their frequent conflicts with the Portuguese and Dutch, a considerable knowledge and dexterity in that species of warfare, which is best suited to the nature of the country, and the disposition of the inhabitants. Conscious of their inability to resist the regular attack of European troops, and aware of the advantages they possess in being familiar with the country, and inured to the climate, they avoid close combat, preferring an irregular and desultory warfare. They harass the enemy in his march, hanging on his flanks, cutting off his supplies, interrupting the communication between his divisions, and occupying the heights which command the passes, from whence they fire in perfect security from behind rocks or trees. They aim principally at the Coolies, who carry the ammunition and provisions, well knowing that, without these, a regular force can make but little progress. To dislodge them from these heights is a task of extreme difficulty, as the paths leading to them are mostly on

opposite sides of the mountains, and only known to the inhabitants.

‘They are accustomed to impede the march of hostile troops by felling, and placing as abattis, large trees across the defiles. In narrow passes, where they cannot be avoided, this contrivance presents a most serious obstacle to the march of troops; for cutting up and removing a large tree is not the business of a moment. One of their maxims is, seldom to press closely an enemy marching into their country; being certain that the diseases incident to Europeans in that climate, and the want of provisions, will soon oblige him to fall back; the farther he advances the better he promotes their scheme of defence, as they can thus throw more numerous impediments in the way of his return. In the mean time, they are busily employed in blocking up the roads through which they think it most probable that he will attempt to retreat; when encumbered by a long train of sick and wounded, exhausted by fatigue and want of provisions, and probably destitute of ammunition, (which frequently happens from desertion of the Coolies,) then it is, and then only, that they attack him, exerting all their energies and skill to harass and cut off his retreat. What makes the situation of the troops, under those circumstances, still more distressing, is, that every man who falls into the hands of the enemy is certain of immediate death. Nor does the inhuman practice arise from the thirst of blood, or the gratification of revenge: it is a consequence of the reward offered by the king of Candy for the heads of his enemies, and of the desire of affording proofs of personal courage. The Candians will even decapitate their own countrymen when killed in action, and carry the heads to their chiefs, as belonging to the enemy, in order to obtain this reward and distinction. I had frequent opportunities of ascertaining this fact. On surprising their posts at night, which we often effected without the loss of a man, and afterwards passing over the ground we invariably found their slain without heads.

‘The nobles hold their lands by tenure of service, and are obliged, when called upon, to join the king at the head of a third of their vassals, should that number be required. Each village has its chief, with several inferior officers in proportion to its size. The chief, on receiving an order from his dessane, or lord, summons every third, fourth, or fifth man, according to the nature of his instructions, and proceeds with his feudatory levies to the place of rendezvous. Each soldier is pro-



vided with a musket, and carries with him fifteen days' provisions, and a small cooking vessel. A few are armed with bows and arrows. A leaf of the talipot tree [forming] an extensive umbrella, serves to protect him from the heat of the sun during the day; and two men by placing the broad end of their leaves together, may form a tent that will completely defend them against the rains or dews, by night. The provisions of the Candian are equally portable with his tent. Although, in most parts of the continent in India, rice forms the principal article of food amongst all ranks of natives, in Ceylon, and particularly in the interior of the island, it is reserved for the higher classes, and is a luxury of which the lowest order of the people seldom partake. The chief food of the poorer sort is a grain that grows on the hills, with little cultivation, and without watering. This, together with a root dug from the bottom of the tanks, and a decoction of the bark of a tree found in abundance in the forests, constitutes their principal means of support. Men accustomed to such diet cannot be supposed to require many luxuries in the field. Two or three cocoa nuts, a few cakes, made of the grain I have just described, and a small quantity of rice, compose the whole of the soldier's stock for the campaign. His other wants he is certain of being always able to supply. Thus equipped, the Candian soldier follows his chief, to whom he is accustomed to pay the most implicit obedience. He crawls through the paths in the woods, for the purpose of commanding the roads through which the hostile troops must pass, or climbs the mountains, and places himself behind a rock, or a tree, patiently to await the enemy's approach. At the end of fifteen days he is relieved by a fresh requisition from the village; and thus the army is constantly supplied with fresh troops, totally unencumbered, the party relieved always carrying home their sick and wounded companions. Another great advantage attending this system of warfare is, that the soldier will more cheerfully encounter fatigues and privations, which he knows are to be of short continuance, and must terminate in a certain fixed period. He is also supported by the hope of shortly returning to his village, and recounting his exploits.

'Such a system could only answer in a country like that which I have been describing, where the theatre of war is almost always within certain limits, so that whatever be the fortune of the contest, the soldier is seldom removed above two, and

never more than four days march from his own abode. Nor is it necessary to furnish those returning home with escorts, as they have little to fear from the slow and unwieldy movements of their European enemies, whom they can at all times avoid by taking a circuitous route. A Candian army, thus unencumbered by sick and baggage, and being perfect masters of their intricate paths and passes, is enabled to move with much more rapidity than regular troops, strangers to the country, and encumbered as they usually are with artillery, ammunition, baggage, provisions, and frequently a long train of sick and wounded, can possibly do.'

The occupancy of the coast of Ceylon by the Portuguese commenced early in the sixteenth century, and continued during one hundred and forty years. Their power was shaken to its foundation by the loss of an army in consequence of the treachery of four Ceylonese officers, whom they had imprudently raised to the rank of general; a memorable lesson, adds Major Johnston, to all Europeans, never to repose unlimited confidence in the natives of Ceylon. It was in the year 1658 that the Portuguese were finally vanquished by the Dutch, whose dominion in the island lasted nearly as long as that of their predecessors. Both nations made reiterated attempts to subjugate the kingdom of Candy, but in vain; their armies being either slowly wasted by skirmishes, or cut off by the more rapid progress of disease. The Portuguese, however, had they been well governed, and supported from home, were the better fitted of the two to obtain success in this topical warfare. Born in a latitude of considerable heat, and accustomed to simple diet, their constitutions received less injury from fatigue under the rays of a vertical sun: but, on the other hand, the ample revenue of the Dutch East India Company enabled them to bring a larger force to bear against their Candian adversaries. This was particularly exemplified in the last great war which they waged, (1763,) in which they assembled an army of 8000 men, and obtained possession of the capital:

but, after having remained there during nine months, they found their numbers so dreadfully reduced by disease as to leave them no alternative but that of a precipitate retreat to the coast. Having noticed the surrender of the Dutch possessions in Ceylon to the English in 1796, Major Johnston gives an account of the possession of Candy by our army in 1803, and of the melancholy fate which befel the detachment left behind under the command of major Davie. These affecting details being sufficiently known, we pass over that part of the author's narrative which relates to particular occurrences, and prefer some selections from his general observations :

'The dangers and difficulties of war in Candy have by no means diminished since Ceylon fell into our hands. The want of supplies in the interior renders it indispensable for an invading army to carry provisions, as well as stores, along with it. The carriage of Coolies, or litters for the sick and wounded, and camp equipage also requires the addition of an almost incredible number of followers. It has been found that, at the lowest computation, a detachment properly equipped requires, even for the short period of fifteen days, at the rate of four Coolies for each soldier; so that, for a detachment of 600 men, the followers alone will amount to 2,400, requiring daily provisions for 3000 mouths. The Coolies have the utmost aversion to a Candian campaign; to collect any number of them is consequently attended with difficulties and delay, and it can only be done by pressing. The instant it is known in any of the districts that the native chief has received orders to *seize*, as they not improperly term it, a certain number of Coolies, the villages are deserted by the lower class of the inhabitants, who, to avoid the police officers, either conceal themselves in the forests, or take refuge in the Candian territories. After considerable delays the chief seldom succeeds in procuring above half the number required; and thus the advantages which we seem at first sight to enjoy over the enemy, of having always a considerable disciplined force, ready to march at a moment's notice, are completely lost from the impossibility of any prompt movement. By the flight of the Coolies, intimation of our design is soon conveyed to the Can-

dian government, and the necessary orders immediately issued for calling out the inhabitants, which orders are punctually complied with, as well from the dread of the punishment of disobedience, as from the people being interested in the defence of their country. Long before our detachments can be equipped, the enemy is arrayed in force ready to receive them.

'The aversion of the natives to serve as Coolies in our armies is founded on very obvious reasons. The burdens which they are obliged to carry are heavy, and their progress consequently slow. They are frequently exposed to a galling fire, doubtful of being taken care of, if wounded, and certain of being put to death if made prisoners; their post is more dangerous than that of the fighting part of the army; while they are not, like the soldiers, buoyed up by the prospect of any military advantage or preferment, or excited by the stimulus of fame. It cannot, therefore be surprising that the Cingalese, naturally timid, and rendered indolent by their climate and mode of living, should use every effort in their power to avoid being impressed on such a service, or that they should, when forced into it, afterwards desert. This is a frequent occurrence, and is often attended with serious consequences. They are also apt, without any intention of escaping from the army, when unexpectedly attacked from the mere impulse of fear, to throw down their loads, and rush into the woods to conceal themselves. This is a practice which neither threats nor entreaties can check; but their design being simply to elude the danger of the moment, their head-man generally succeeds in rallying them as soon as the firing ceases. This dispersion of the Coolies for a time entirely stops the line of march, as it would be impossible to move forward without them, but by abandoning the sick, the wounded, and the stores to the enemy. These disasters happen mostly in defiles; and the enemy, well knowing the disposition of our Coolies, generally selects such places for attacking them.'

'Thus defended by their climate, their mountains, and their forests, the Candians by adhering steadily to the same mode of warfare, have been enabled to resist the incursions of their several European invaders for three centuries. Although successively attacked by the Portuguese, Dutch, and English, when in the zenith of their eastern conquests, and repeatedly driven from their capital, they are now in as complete possession of the interior of their country, and govern it as independently of any European influence, as at any



period of their history since the first invasion of their coast.

'The Candians flushed with their successes, and knowing that our forts on the coast were now weakly garrisoned, poured down from their mountains, in the months of August and September, in the hope of utterly expelling us from the island. And in this attempt they were *joined by the native inhabitants of our own settlements*, who rose, as of one accord, to accelerate our expulsion. This fact affords a strong and convincing proof that, when we lose the power of the sword, to entertain any hope of preserving India through the affection of the natives would be building on the most unstable foundation. So strong is their attachment to their ancient governments, laws, language and manners, and religious opinions, that three centuries of European domination have not diminished its force. But in leaving their fastnesses, the Candians relinquished those advantages which alone made them formidable; and reinforcements arriving most seasonably to our army from the Cape of Good Hope and Bengal, their efforts were completely defeated.'

The next part of major Johnston's publication consists of a journal of his expedition. He set out from Batticolo on the 20th September, 1804, at the head of three hundred men, European and native troops, accompanied by nearly twice as many Ceylonese, in the capacity of pioneers and carriers. Their track lay through a wild and almost desolate part of the island, noted as the asylum of the kings of Candy when driven from their capital; and partly inhabited by the Bedas or Vedas, a singular and savage tribe, living nearly in a state of nature, and holding no intercourse with the other nations. At one time, the detachment marched sixty miles without seeing either a dwelling or a human being; and without discovering anything except the paths through the forests and round the bases of the mountains, to suggest a belief that the quarter had ever been peopled. The weather during the day was close and sultry, the circulation of the air being impeded by the forests; the nights on the contrary, were foggy and cold; which vicissitudes soon began to show their pernicious effects on the health of our

troops. As they advanced into the interior, they found the face of the country gradually improve, the slopes of the hills being cleared, and the vallies in general cultivated. The natives now began to collect in parties to oppose the detachment, and their stations on the sides of the mountains were rendered conspicuous at night by the fires which they kindled. Their hostility, however, was not formidable; since, though they ventured at times to hang on the flanks of the detachment, they regularly took to their heels when the troops fired at them. The great cause of delay and fatigue to our men consisted in the narrowness and ruggedness of the paths: but, in the course of a fortnight, by unwearied perseverance, the major made good his way to the neighbourhood of the capital.

By this time, the Candians had assembled in thousands, and discovered their confidence in cutting off our troops by nocturnal shouts, which were observed to begin among the bodies stationed nearest to our detachment, and to be re-echoed by more distant crowds on the adjoining hills. In this part of the expedition, an opportunity occurred for showing how much the success of Candian warfare is dependent on localities. The path for the troops running along the banks of the great river, and being commanded by a battery on the opposite side, which it was indispensably necessary to carry, a raft was prepared: but being made of iron wood, the only material within reach, it was found unserviceable. In the midst of the embarrassment produced by this disappointment, a sentinel called out that he saw a boat crossing the river about three quarters of a mile further up. Lieutenant Vincent, a spirited officer, was immediately despatched with the British part of the detachment to seize it at all hazards: but, on reaching the spot, they found that the Candians had conveyed it to the opposite bank. Immediately, two of our gallant soldiers swam over under

the protection of the fire of the party, and brought back the boat; after which the lieutenant and his men crossing the river, and marching rapidly towards the battery, the assembled multitude of the enemy fled at their approach. The Candians, formidable in their fastnesses, are so feeble in close combat, that, in a quarter of an hour, the whole of the mass which had lined the banks of the river were scattered by a handful of assailants, and the battery was seized, with the loss on our part of only two men wounded.

Major Johnston's detachment now entered the capital, and found it, as on a former occasion, entirely deserted. The natives, however, remained in great force in the immediate neighbourhood; and the major was exceedingly mortified to find none of our other columns on the spot which he considered as the point of junction for the various corps of our army. His situation was not such as to admit of protracting his stay in Candy without the most imminent danger, the troops being extremely fatigued by a march of two hundred miles, and the stock of provisions and ammunition being greatly reduced. The rains also were setting in with considerable violence, and the rivers were swelling rapidly. Under these circumstances, he ventured to remain forty-eight hours in Candy: but, at the expiration of that time, none of the expected divisions appearing, he felt that farther delay would be fatal, and began his retreat in the morning of the 9th of October. Aware that the road by which he advanced must have been rendered impracticable, he set out on the path leading to Trincomalè, a settlement distant from Candy above one hundred and forty miles. Things now wore a gloomy aspect; the sick and wounded were numerous; the men in health were obliged to carry their provisions on their backs; and the enemy, emboldened by our retrograde movement, had assembled in great numbers to blockade the passes

and lay trees across the paths. The safety of our troops was to be found only in assuming a bold countenance, and in hazarding attacks whenever they were able to reach the enemy. In these they were successful, but at the expense of a progressive diminution of their numbers, and a daily increase of the train of wounded among whom they now reckoned the gallant lieutenant Vincent. The weather likewise added its horrors to those of a vindictive enemy; our men being exposed without protection to a scorching sun during the morning till two o'clock, and in the afternoon and night to incessant rain. They passed the day in a continual skirmish, and at night were glad when they could get a stone or log of wood to support their heads from the ground. The natives, who acted as Coolies or carriers, became so fatigued that it was found necessary to relieve them from every other burden than that of the sick and wounded; the most reduced of whom were carried along on cloths fastened to poles, while others proceeded by leaning on their less exhausted comrades. On the fifth day of this disastrous march, the Candians attacked the line both in front and rear, the consequence was a separation of the van from the main body. Our troops had still strength to repulse them, and to cause them a signal loss: but the intricacy of the paths preventing for some days the junction of the van and centre, it was impossible to carry off all our wounded; and Lieutenant Vincent was unhappily among the number who were abandoned to the merciless pursuers. At last, as the detachment began to extricate itself from the heart of the enemy's country, the molestation became less considerable; and on the 19th of October a friendly band in the vicinity of Trincomalè received their emancipated and debilitated fellow-soldiers.

Having brought his recital to a close major Johnston proceeds to the more cheering topic of laying down rules



for improvements in the management of our affairs in Ceylon. The first subject of his recommendation is the importance of acquiring the language of the natives. He shows at great length how much our affairs, both civil and military, may suffer from the perfidy of interpreters; and he advises the government should make two new regulations in regard to our troops in Ceylon: first, that the station should be permanent to the officers who enter on it, as is the case respectively in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay; and next, that a knowledge of the language should be an indispensable requisite to promotion. 'Under such a plan,' he says, no officer, could arrive at an important command without being thoroughly acquainted with the language and customs of the country: and the general would then find among his officers, in whose honour he could confide, every species of local knowledge, instead of being obliged to seek for it amongst Modigliars, interpreters, and native orderlies.'

The next topic on which major Johnston enlarges is the necessity of altering the clothes of our troops in Ceylon. The great objects in their dress, after the care of health, should be celerity of movement, and facility of approaching the enemy unperceived so as to have a chance of taking him by surprise. The Candian soldier has no other covering than a cloth, wrapped round his loins, in the fold of which is deposited a cocoa-nut-shell containing his powder and ball. They may accordingly hover around our troops to the number of hundreds, without being distinguished among the trees; while the red jackets white belts, bright arms, and shining brass plates of our men, never fail to render them conspicuous from a distance. The change which the author recommends, in regard to arms, is to substitute for the common musket a light one, with a barrel stained like a rifle; and as to dress, he suggests the adoption of a green or gray jacket

and trowsers, black belts, and a light brown hat.

Another important point is, the carriage of our baggage and stores; the difficulty of which has hitherto formed the great embarrassment of Candian warfare. Elephants, our great resource in other parts of India, are all fitted for the narrow passes of Ceylon: so that the alternative lies between bullocks and Coolies, or native carriers. In the case of a large detachment and a protracted expedition major Johnston recommends bullocks: but for rapid movements he thinks that recourse should always be had to Coolies, a class deserving, on the score both of humanity and policy, greater attention than they have hitherto received at our hands.—In a subsequent passage, in which he treats of 'guides,' the major shows himself an advocate for conducting war on the Candians by night-attacks, and very clearly proves how little fitted our present guides are for that difficult and hazardous kind of operation. Notwithstanding all his military ardour, he is disposed to acknowledge that it is much better to expend money for the maintenance of our influence at the court of Candy, than to have recourse to the destructive alternative of hostilities; an opinion in which he will be joined by those who are aware of the miserable mortality, which the climate of the interior of Ceylon produces among our countrymen. With an extract illustrative of this melancholy truth, we shall close our review of major Johnston's valuable publication. It occurs in page 93:

'The following instances are convincing proofs of the insalubrity of the interior of Ceylon. On the 13th of March, 1803, the grenadier company of the 65th, under capt. Bullock, consisting of 3 officers and 75 men, marched from Columbo for Cattadima, a small post in the interior. At the end of the month, without any loss by the enemy, the whole fell victims to the climate, excepting lieut. Hutchins and two privates. They were all robust young men, from 18 to 23 years of age, and had only landed from the Cape of Good Hope early in

November. On the 11th of April, 400 men of the 51st regiment appeared under arms at Columbo, on their arrival from Candy. In little more than two months, 300 of them were buried, having laid the foundation of disease in the interior.\*

We have said that we decline to enter on a discussion of the propriety

of major Johnston's expedition, considered with reference to his orders; but we must observe that, being undertaken, the conduct of it seems to have been as creditable to him in a *military* as the account of it is in a *literary* point of view.

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FROM THE EDINBURG REVIEW.

Travels in the south of Spain, in Letters written A. D. 1809 and 1810. By William Jacob, Esq. M. P. F. R. S. \* 4to. p. 464. Johnson. London, 1811.

In the Select Reviews for August 1811, we republished a review of Jacob's Travels in Spain. It was the best that could then be obtained, but it was brief and unsatisfactory. We now offer to our readers the following article, from the last EDINBURG REVIEW, from which we are confident they will derive equal gratification with that which the perusal has furnished to us.—*Ed. Sel. Rev.*

THIS book is another and a useful contribution to literature, from a quarter peculiarly deserving of respect, and toward which our grateful consideration has never failed to be directed, as some trifling encouragement to such exertions. It is the work of a mercantile gentleman, written during an excursion of business; and it is distinguished by much of the plain sense that belongs to the commercial character, with somewhat more of liberality upon general topics than usually falls to its share, and perhaps a little tincture of feelings in a degree foreign to the habits of that sober and solid class of men. It has given us both entertainment and information; and we venture to predict, that it will not disappoint those who may be disposed to judge for themselves, and

prefer the book to our account of it. Nevertheless, as all readers are not likely to be of this description, and as there may be some who can bear both, we shall, for their benefit, here set down what the work professes to do, and how it fulfils the promise of the '*contents*.'

As the first of all requisites in a narrator is accuracy respecting his statement of facts, and as this should be the more jealously looked after when his own exploits form the subject of the narrative, we began, as is our custom, with keeping a very sharp look-out for any slips which might qualify our judgment upon this author's correctness and fidelity; not that we could possibly suspect him of any intention wilfully to deceive, but merely because when the fancy is heat-

\* We are not quite satisfied with our author's manner of setting forth his *additions*. We desiderate, in the first place, the civic title of the worthy alderman, and trust that this hint will be taken by Sir William Curtis, when he publishes *his* travels to Walcheren, performed about the same time. Furthermore, we should have been better pleased if Mr. Jacob had put his title as a member of the royal society before his parliamentary mark. We do not wish to make invidious comparisons, and have some fears of incurring a charge of contempt; but an *author* should be forward to proclaim his connexion with, and to stand up for the precedence of, so illustrious a body as the society founded by Newton; and one could even pardon, in a commander, the affectation of science (as it might be termed) which made Buonaparte designate himself during his earlier campaigns, 'Member of the national institute, and commander-in-chief of the army of Italy.'



ed, or enthusiasm is at work, or the egotism\* of solitude is in full play, (a chapter omitted by Zimmerman, probably because it would have furnished an answer to half his book), we are aware, that *the thing which is not*, finds its way too frequently into a man's discourse, to the exclusion of much real good, and the manifest promotion of error. The first observations which we made, with the view of forming our estimate of the author's correctness in this particular, were rather unfavourable. The preface begins with announcing, that the 'following pages contain the substance of letters written to my family and friends, during *six* months which I passed in Spain.' Now, as it turns out in the sequel, that he did not arrive in Cadiz before the 14th or 15th (it does not exactly appear which) of September, and as he left Spain about the middle of February following, (Feb. 14, see p. 396), the time which he passed in that country was *five* months, which would have been just as easily said as *six* months. One or two other particulars of a similar kind struck us as rather indicative of a disposition to speak in round numbers; but upon attentively examining the work as we went on, this unpleasant appearance, we must say, entirely ceased. We therefore are inclined to think, that it is accidental, where it does occur; and, upon the whole, we consider the narrative as entitled to the reader's implicit belief,—a comfortable circumstance, which they who read for their real instruction never fail to ascertain as speedily as possible, after opening a work of this description.

Mr. Jacob left England, accompanied by a single friend, (Mr. Ridout), in the same vessel with the Spanish general Virues, and don Ramon and

don Pedro. The general is frequently lauded, and apparently with much justice: the two lesser dons are not much more commemorated than your brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus. The voyage proved tempestuous; and the surgeon of the vessel had his leg broke by being pitched against one of the guns. No communication with any other ship being practicable, he was obliged to have it set by giving directions to the attendants; which he did, it seems, with great coolness and presence of mind, and perfect success: insomuch, that our author might as well have mentioned this deserving young man's name, although he was not any don whatsoever.

Upon arriving off St. Lucar, they were alarmed by a false story of the progress of the French, told them by the proper officer, an American captain. In part, the fiction was, it must be confessed, not very ill contrived; for it represented the Spaniards as leaving the whole of the battle to the English.

The first subject of any consequence which our author handles after his landing, is the catastrophe of Solano, the governour of Cadiz, whose fate must be in the recollection of every reader. His crime was, doubting of the fortunes of his country, and underrating the talents and courage of its inhabitants. No man more detested the government, or deplored more sincerely the state of degradation into which Spain had fallen. But, as Mr. Jacob observes, he had no confidence in the spirit of his countrymen; he did not know that it contained the men who have since distinguished themselves at Baylen, Saragossa, Gerona, and no other place or places. He was not aware that there would rise up, in the general concussions of revolution and intestine war, one par-

\* The preposterous Gallicism of modern writers makes it necessary to state, that we here use egotism in the English (or, if you will the Latin) sense of the word, and not in the French acceptation. We take this opportunity of protesting against the innovation to which we are alluding. *Egoisme*, in French, means what, in the English tongue, is called *selfishness*, not egotism; which is rendered by '*amour propre*,' rather than by '*egoisme*.'

tisan of undoubted talents in that line—two general officers of dubious skill—and no others even of doubtful capacity for command. He could not descry in the court and the municipalities of the peninsula, the seeds of one vigorous local administration, and a succession of drivelling, jobbing, talkative and treacherous central committees. Perhaps he knew the self-sufficient, unteachable, untractable character of his countrymen:—perhaps he doubted their courage—at least the courage of the upper orders;—perhaps he set down something to the account of a long period of bad government, and ascribed to its effects some influence over the character of all, but especially of the higher classes. But, from whatever cause, he mistook the thing; and, differing widely in opinion with the multitude he was proceeded against with a fury and a boldness, very usual among mobs when they are contending with a single unarmed individual, and of which, in the present instance, we shall say nothing, (out of respect for the worst species of mob, the venal writers of this country, and those under their control), except that we wish a little of it had been reserved for the battles of Talavera, Medellin and Barrosa. As our readers, from having those more recent events fresher in their recollection, may be inclined to doubt the efficiency of the Spaniards in the hour of action, we shall extract our author's account of their conduct in the *affair of Cadiz*, when they succeeded in carrying by assault a strong place into which the Marquis de Solano had thrown himself, and put the whole garrison to the sword.

'As soon as it was known at Seville, that Solano had fled to Cadiz, the revolution immediately broke forth, the inhabitants flew to arms, and the sympathetic feeling which pervaded all Spain was displayed, in that city, with irresistible force. A committee, called in Spain a junta, composed of the most zealous, intelligent, and virtuous of the citizens, assumed the government, directed the spirit of the inhabitants, and produced, what Spain had not

witnessed for many ages, a combination of order and energy. The feelings of Seville were communicated to Xeres, to Santa Maria, and even to Cadiz, though in the latter their effects were stifled by the efforts of Solano. Numbers of people, however, arrived from Seville, inspired with feelings of patriotism and vengeance; many entered the city disguised like peasants; and a sufficient number soon arrived to kindle the suppressed patriotism of the Gaditanos. Solano received intimations from his private friends that the plan of an insurrection was formed, and that he was to be its first victim; he was apprized of the intention to assassinate him, on his return from the theatre, and was entreated by his friends not to attend; but he had too much courage to be awed by the intimation; and either the firmness of his demeanour, or some alteration in the plans of his enemies, preserved him for that night from the threatened attack. A party of his friends, who adjourned from the theatre to his house, aware of the danger that impended, urged him to seek his safety by flight; he rejected their counsel, affected to treat their fears with contempt, and avowed his resolution not to part with his authority, but in obedience to the commands of the power from which he had received it. The supplications of his wife, the endearments of his children, and the anxiety of his friends, were all exerted in vain; and he resolutely determined to maintain his authority, or to perish in the attempt.

'Early on the ensuing morning, the whole city was in a state of tumult; the populace, irritated by the patriots from Seville, indignant at the treachery of France, and clamorous for the death of the governor, surrounded his habitation. Some parties attacked it with musquetry, while others dragged cannon from the ramparts and assailed his residence. In the midst of the firing he escaped by the roof of his house, and took refuge in an adjoining one, the lady of which, an intimate friend of the family, hid him in a small closet which had been secretly built some years before.

'When the insurgents gained possession of Solano's house, and discovered his flight, they pursued him to the house where he was concealed, which was searched with diligence but without success. After committing some atrocities, and even wounding the lady of the house with a musket ball, they were departing discontented with having missed the object of their vengeance; when the party was joined by an artificer, who had constructed



the secret closet, and who conducted them to the hiding place, where Solano was discovered, and delivered to the fury of the mob. The general cry of the populace was, "To the gallows! to the gallows!" whither this veteran was conducted: but, such was the indignation of the people, that before he had quitted the house where he was discovered, he was lacerated with knives, and his clothes literally torn from his body. Naked and streaming with blood from numberless wounds, he preserved the firm step, and the manly dignity, of an officer. To the taunts of the multitude he appeared superior, but not insensible, and at every fresh stab that was inflicted, he fixed his eyes on the perpetrator with an expression of contempt; till a soldier, who had been long under his command, dreading the impending degradation of his old officer, plunged his sword in his heart, and terminated his sufferings.' p. 28, 30.

Now, be it remarked, we are very far from vindicating this unhappy man. Meantly as we may think of the Spaniards, in comparison of some enthusiasts, we hold, that they have done considerable things; and, that whatever may be the ultimate event of the contest, it is glorious for them that it should still be a matter of doubt whether they shall sink or swim. The struggle is at all events one which they were bound to commence and to persevere in; and we must view Solano not merely as having miscalculated, but as guilty of pusillanimous, if not of treacherous conduct. To have driven him from his charge, and cast him forth from the city, therefore, would have been quite allowable; but the cowardly ferocity of the transaction which has been narrated, can meet with no advocate among the genuine friends of liberty, or the true admirers of patriotism.

During his stay at Cadiz, Mr. Jacob has an opportunity of giving some interesting remarks upon the state of the government; and he unfolds, in this part of his work, those opinions of his, respecting the Spaniards and their cause, which he pursues at various intervals through the rest of the volume, and in which, as they lead to very favourable prognostics in the

final result, we should be exceedingly happy if we could entirely agree with him. The character of the Junta, then on its decline after a very mischievous reign, it is not necessary here to extract; as the change which was soon after affected, renders the imbecility and maladministration of that body now a matter of history. The following passage, however, is of a more practical and permanent complexion, we greatly fear.

'I am sorry to observe, that there does not appear to be any leader in the government, nor any one man, of talents sufficiently eminent, to give him the necessary preponderance; there is no unity in the operations of government; and unless some man of powerful mind should arise and be elevated to a commanding station, I see no chance of improvement in the affairs of Spain. Many accuse, and perhaps with justice, the most opulent and elevated members of the Junta, of disaffection to the cause of their country, and a disposition to aid the views of Buonaparte. Men in their situation, with large estates in that part of Spain occupied by the French, may very naturally wish to return to their homes and their ease, even though submission to the enemy should be the necessary consequence.

'Nothing can show in a stronger light the indolence and want of combination among the Spaniards, than the state of the manufactory for muskets in this city. The government can raise as many men for the army as it desires, and very little food is requisite to subsist them; but muskets are absolutely necessary, and the demand for them is considerable; for like most raw levies, the troops when defeated are too apt to insure their safety by throwing away their arms. This, in spite of the great assistance derived from England, has occasioned their present scarcity; and the establishment of manufactories of this important article has been in consequence most strenuously and frequently urged as indispensable: but it is now more than fourteen months since the commencement of the manufactory, and not a single musket has been produced. They are erecting a handsome building, when plenty of others might have been appropriated to the purpose; and the time lost in the new building would have enabled them to finish and send to their armies thousands of arms for the men enlisted and ready to use them.

'They have in this place a large train of

artillery, mostly brass battering twenty-four pounders, and they are the most beautiful I have ever seen. These, in the present state of Spain, are of little use; but of field ordnance, of which they particularly stand in need, there is a great scarcity.' p. 34—36.

Notwithstanding these and various other statements, which we shall presently notice, our author is of opinion, that the hatred of the French is so deep-rooted, and so universally spread among the Spaniards, as to make it impossible for the great enemy of national independence and all that looks like liberty, ever to fix his dominion in security and quiet in the peninsula. Now, this idea is become a great favourite amongst us; and not unnaturally;—it is unpleasant to despond; and some such thing as this seems all we have now left for it, to keep up our hopes of Spain. While there was such a thing as a Spanish army in the field, towards the centre of the country, to have built expectations upon the irregular warfare of the Guerillas, would not have been very popular perhaps, nor quite safe in this country. But as Spain is almost confined to Cadiz,—as the enemy are at least in military possession of nearly the whole country,—as we guess the most sanguine have ceased to expect much from Spanish armies,—and few are now so credulous as to believe any thing which they read in the Castilian tongue; we must be content to pick up the small remains of our once magnificent expectations,—and confess at last, that, but for the exertions of this country, the Spaniards can hope for nothing better, than that their country will be an uneasy, as it has been an expensive conquest;—for, in reality, the expectations entertained of irregular warfare, resolve themselves into this, however we may try to shut our eyes. Suppose there were no British troops either in Cadiz or Portugal,—every thing must depend on the continuance of the spirit which prevails among the peasantry, who occupy the more difficult parts of the country. Can any man count upon this lasting

for years? Who knows so little of men, as to believe that such scattered bodies,—insulated,—hemmed in, will continue a separate race, and hold out against the changes which the arts and the force of the conqueror shall have effected among the inhabitants of the plains? The Portuguese, indeed, have a better chance;—they have shown themselves more docile;—they have not disdained to follow English officers;—and those who follow such men, always march to victory. They have possession of their country; and if nothing untoward happen, it is possible that a large army of the best regular troops may have time to discipline a still greater number of Portuguese,—to arrange the government of the country, and to leave it in quiet possession of its inhabitants, with such moderate assistance as England can afford to give it, upon a permanent establishment. This is a possibility which we most willingly contemplate. At the same time, that no disappointment may arise, it is fit that the chance of new armies being sent into Portugal should be taken into the account;—a risk which, it is probable, that nothing but a change in the politics of the North will prevent our enemy from realizing. But suppose the best to happen in that part of the peninsula, and that Portugal is permanently saved,—it is rather expecting too much, to reckon upon the Portuguese commencing offensive operations for the liberation of Spain. Nor can we imagine any difficulty likely to prevent a large army of French from collecting and acting together on the defensive in that country, which would not equally prevent a British and Portuguese force of equal amount from assembling and attacking them. If we had at present forty or fifty thousand men to send towards the Ebro, then, to be sure, the liberation of Spain might be effected. But it is as easy, when we are treating the matter with *ifs*, and amusing ourselves with building castles in Spain, to wish and suppose the



destruction of Buonaparte and his power at once;—it is a shorter and surer road to what we would be at. Unless, therefore, some very unforeseen accident befalls the enemy in the North of Europe—(and after the immortal valour and discipline which was displayed on the Marchfield, in vain for Europe and for Spain, who shall venture to hope?)—unless Buonaparte should die, and his successors fall out among themselves,—or some great disaster should compel him to withdraw his troops from Spain—and his whole troops—(a bare possibility scarcely deserving to be stated),—it does not appear that the liberation of Portugal, and the possession of Cadiz, have any immediate connexion with the recovery of Spain. The siege of Cadiz may be raised,—the French army may repass the Sierra Morena,—but they are still in force in the heart of the country, and out of it they never can be driven, excepting by sending against them a nearly equal number of disciplined troops,—of soldiers who can fight in the field, as well as behind stone walls,—under officers who can bring them into action,—and will not be satisfied with vapouring, and then making a case for themselves when they are called to account. England can do much;—she has done a great deal already;—but she cannot perform miracles:—And, without such a control over the Spaniards as she possesses in Portugal, it is quite unreasonable to expect that she can raise such a regular force in the peninsula as is necessary to restore it. Why we expect less from the Spaniards than has been made out of the Portuguese, we have already stated. A single word comprises our reason—self-sufficiency. Unless the patriots will put off the old man, and become as little children, we really see no chance of regenerating, and no means of saving them. Perhaps the particulars which will occur in the sequel, may damp the hopes which some of our readers entertain, and in which we should be most willing to share, that such a change may

yet take place. For we now return to our author, whom we left on the eve of his departure from Cadiz, on an excursion to Xeres.

He arrives there after an agreeable journey, and is hospitably entertained by the old and respectable house of the Gordons, well known as established in Xeres. The following particulars respecting the place and the Spaniards deserve attention.

‘Xeres contains about 40,000 inhabitants, including the Pueblo, or township, which is very extensive, though thinly inhabited, and consists chiefly of scattered farms and vineyards, upon which some few of the owners reside, though far the greater part live within the city. The Pueblo extends over a tract of country 45 miles in length and 18 in breadth, and is consequently as large as some of our English counties; yet, exclusively of the city the whole consists of no more than 101 large farm houses, 77 smaller ones, 555 houses attached to the vineyards, 23 houses situated in olive grounds, and 55 houses in fruit and vegetable gardens. Such is the state of population in one of the best peopled districts of Andalusia, and perhaps in the finest climate and the richest soil in Europe: every thing has been done by nature; but the institutions of the government, and the indolence of the inhabitants, have effected nothing to improve the advantages she has bestowed.

‘The inhabitants boast of their patriotism and zeal in the cause of their country, and express their detestation of the French on all occasions. This detestation has been evinced in the most inhuman manner, by the murders committed upon several of the prisoners; nor would even those who are on their parole, and occupied in the labour of the fields be exempt from apprehension, if they ventured to mix with the inhabitants, or neglected the precaution of working in parties separate from the Spaniards. I was informed that Xeres had furnished 7000 recruits for the armies; a tale which I cannot believe, though asserted confidently by every one who has the means of information. It does not appear probable that 7000 men could be taken from a population computed at 40,000 souls, when all the married men, the only sons, and the numerous ecclesiastics, are exempt from the conscription: besides, had the whole of Spain furnished recruits in the same proportion, their armies would have amounted to at least two millions of men; but it is well known that they never

exceeded one tenth of that number.' p. 42, 43.

This *doubt* as to the falsehood of the story told him by these true Spaniards, is rather more civil than was necessary. The following description is short but lively and correct.

'This evening is delightful; the twilight in this climate tinges the sky with a variety of beautiful colours, much resembling the warm hues of Claude, but of which no one can form an adequate idea who has not visited the south of Europe. The "moon walking in brightness," the refreshing coolness of the breeze, and the soothing tranquillity of the scene, are truly enchanting; nor are the feelings rendered less agreeable by the occasional tinkling of the bells attached to the numerous strings of mules that pass under our windows.' p. 44.

From Xeres our author continued his tour by Lebrixa, where he visited the convent; and his account of the interior deserves our attention. We may here, once for all, protest against being understood to apply any of the censures which some passages in the history of the Spanish revolution necessarily call forth, to the bulk of the people, even where they happen to be the immediate actors. The higher orders are in general to blame; it is to their apathy and listlessness, their regard for their property and their ease, that the greater part of the enemy's progress may be ascribed. It is their misgovernment of the country that has corrupted and debauched the public mind;—through their neglect and indifference, the multitude have often gone astray, left, as they almost always have been, to themselves; and, above all, to them alone can be imputed the perpetual blunders, and not unfrequent want of patriotism, which has marked all the revolutionary administrations, except the government of the first Junto of Seville. Among these errors, to give them the softest name, we certainly must place in the very foremost rank, that jealousy of England, flowing partly from interested motives, partly from arrogance and paltry Spanish conceit, which we would fain hope

has not yet tainted the bulk of the people, but which has hitherto prevented them from profiting by their alliance with us, and, more than any thing else, has palsied their efforts against the common enemy. With this warning against misconstruction, we shall now introduce our readers into the parlour of the convent of Lebrixa.

'We visited the convent, which is built within the antient castle. The President, when he found we were Englishmen, treated us with civility and attention; he pressed us to take our dinner with him; which, however, we declined; and he piously expressed his gratitude to God, for having inspired the King of England with the resolution to support the cause of the Spaniards; declaring his confidence of success, because the holy Virgin was on our side. I was curious to see the library of the convent, as well as the private collections in the cells of the different monks. From inspecting a man's books, it is as easy to judge of the turn of his mind, as from knowing his associates: To a monk, indeed, his books must be his most valuable associates; and a greater impression is likely to be produced by them upon a recluse, than on one, who, by his intercourse with the world, feels their influence frequently counteracted. The library of this institution, however, contains little that can expand the mind or enlarge its views, and consists principally of sermons, homilies, and lives of saints; histories of particular churches, monasteries, and processions; a few classical books, and some French ecclesiastical histories: the Bible, indeed translated into Spanish from the Vulgate, and very handsomely printed in twelve volumes, is conspicuous, but, I fear, is less read than any in the collection. I examined the list of forbidden books, and certainly was not surprised to see Gibbon's Roman History, Priestley's Lectures on History, and Helen Maria Williams's Letters from France, among the proscribed; but I should not before have supposed that Blair's Sermons, or Pinkerton's Geography contained any heretical doctrines that could possibly have shocked the feelings of the most orthodox Catholic; they were, however, inserted in the prohibited list.

'The venerable President, notwithstanding his sanctity and his pious reliance on the assistance of the Virgin, related a tale with exultation, which must raise a blush for the depravity of human nature. A number of French under Dupont, taken



prisoners at Baylen, were sent to this town for security; but the inhabitants fearing, or pretending to fear, a conspiracy among them, rose, and in cold blood massacred the whole party, amounting to upwards of eighty men. No inquiry was made respecting the conspiracy previously to the massacre, nor has any subsequent investigation of the conduct of those who perpetrated the deed been attempted. That eighty unarmed men should project an insurrection in a town containing five or six thousand inhabitants, in the heart of an enemy's country, whence they could have no hope of escaping, is too improbable to be readily believed; yet on this wretched pretence were these unhappy victims sacrificed, by the indolent wretches whom I at this moment see loitering in the market place, in a state of the most despicable apathy; a set of beings too idle to labour, but who, when their vengeful passions are roused, are capable of the most horrible deeds of cruelty.' p. 47—49.

The miscellaneous nature of an article like the present carries us next to a very different subject. Our author has given an interesting account of Alonzo Cano, a Spanish artist, whose merits are rated very high in his own country; and probably over-rated there, as indeed they seem to be by Mr Jacob: for he ranks him, even as a painter, with the most eminent of the Spanish masters. Now, we must be understood to speak with much deference, when we call in question the opinion of Mr. Jacob upon this subject; for he has both seen the performances of this master, which has certainly happened to nobody who has never been in the peninsula; and he has shown himself to be very well acquainted with the art, as far at least as this can be done by the publication of his drawings. Moreover, we do not feel warranted in pronouncing that Cano's fame has never reached beyond his own country, merely because the common books on the subject, or the *Encyclopædias*, or even Du Fresnoy and his commentators, make no mention of his name: For every one knows,

that these *Encyclopædias*—abounding in the painful and accurate biography of all the reverend obscure—filled with elaborate accounts of every small doctor who ever published a sermon\*—carefully omit under each head a large proportion of the most eminent men who have flourished in each country—and, strange as it may appear, neither Du Fresnoy, nor Dryden, nor Graham, (to the best of our recollection), have taken any notice even of Velasquez, who was Du Fresnoy's contemporary; nor of the exquisite Murillo, who adorned the same age. However, there is little doubt that Alonzo Cano, now, for the first time, appears before the English reader; and we cannot help regarding the confined sphere in which his reputation has hitherto been moving, as affording a presumption against the solidity of its foundations. The following is our author's account of this artist.

\* Alonzo Cano was born at Grenada in the year 1601: his father was an architect of some celebrity, and instructed him in the rudiments of his art in that city. From Grenada the family removed to Seville, where he studied painting under Francisco Pacheco, and afterwards under Juan de Castillo. He acquired a knowledge of sculpture under Juan Martinez Montanes: but, were we to judge from his works, which are distinguished by their simplicity, excellent taste, and grandeur of form; we should attribute his progress rather to his diligently studying the specimens of Grecian sculpture which the palace of the Duke of Alcala afforded him, than to any assistance he could derive from cotemporary artists.

The best of his early works are found in Seville, and consist of three paintings in the College of St. Alberto, and two in the Monastery of St. Paul; the architecture, sculpture and paintings of which institutions were all executed by this artist before he had attained his thirtieth year. He fled from Seville in consequence of a duel, and repaired to Madrid, where he met with his fellow student Velasquez, who recommended him to the protection

\* It needs scarcely to be added here, that we allude to any thing rather than the labours of the venerable and enlightened Dr. Rees, for whom all who prize learning, worth and liberty, civil and religious, must feel a true respect.

and patronage of the Duke de Olivares, through whose influence he obtained an employment upon the royal establishment, as designer and director of several public works: nor were his talents as a painter unemployed; for at this period he painted many of those pictures which are scattered over different parts of the kingdom; he also erected a triumphal arch at the gate of Guadalaxara, in Madrid, to commemorate the marriage of the King with the Archduchess Mary of Austria.

'Cano removed to Toledo in 1643; and, upon suspicion of having caused the death of his wife, was confined in the prison of the Inquisition, and suffered torture before that tribunal; but no confession being extorted from him he was liberated, and, resuming his profession, enriched the cathedral of that city with his works. Between this period and 1650 he painted in Valencia, and at the monastery of the Carthusians at Porta-celi whence he returned to his native city, and was appointed a prebend in the cathedral of that place. This dignity was bestowed upon him more with a view of employing his talents as an artist, than from the expectation of his performing any religious duties; and he was, in consequence, allowed one year before he entered into holy orders: This time, at the expiration of the first period, was extended to a second year, when, feeling no inclination for sacred duties, and refusing to be ordained, the Cabildo applied to the King, and his stall was declared vacant.

'Cano, deprived of his benefice, repaired to court to make known his complaints; but finding he could obtain no redress without undergoing the ceremony of ordination, he was induced by the Bishop of Salamanca, who esteemed his talents more than his piety, to enter privately into deacon's orders: The bishop then exerted his influence, and obtained the restitution of his benefice in Granada, with the profits which had accumulated during his suspension. He continued in that city till his death, in 1667; and enriched the cathedral and other churches with his productions in painting and sculpture. This artist literally appears to have felt "the ruling passion strong in death;" for when the priest who attended him presented the crucifix, he turned his eyes away, and refused to look at it, because the sculpture was so badly executed; but asked for a plain cross, which being brought to him, he devoutly embraced it and expired.

'Alonzo Cano was one of the best painters ever educated in Spain, and was still more celebrated as a sculptor: Though the former appears to have been his favour-

rite art, he more eminently excelled in the latter, which he seemed to regard as a relaxation from the severer study of his principal pursuit. He appears, with all his faults, to have been humane and charitable; for it is related, that when he had no money, he would give his sketches and paintings to the poor to relieve their necessities. I hope you will not be tired with this digression on the biography of so celebrated a man. His name you probably have never before heard; but in Spain he has great celebrity; and I thought I could not better occupy the solitude of an obscure posada than by compressing into a letter some observations respecting an artist, from the sight of whose labours, in different parts of Spain, I expect to receive considerable gratification.' p. 50—52.

Mr. Jacob's arrival at Seville gives him an opportunity of describing, at greater length than before, the extreme imbecility of the government, and its jealousy of England; and at the same time he details some particulars of the cordial reception which Lord Wellesley met with from the people,—a symptom, among many others recorded in this volume, of the healthful state of the public mind in Spain upon this essential point, whatever may be the feelings of the privileged orders. Our author being of that safe class of politicians who build their opinions upon the most solid foundation, is very loud in the praise of Lord Wellesley; and omits in his account of that noble person's reception, all mention of the triumph—we mean the stepping on shore upon a French flag, as an emblem of his having vanquished Buonaparte. We would fain hope that the story is unfounded; or at least that the pageant may have been got up by some Spaniards unknown to the Englishmen. Certain it is, that nothing could be fancied less consistent with the excellent sense, and indeed the various ability manifested in the marquis's despatch on the state of Spain, so often extolled, and so deservedly; and very appropriately inserted by Mr. Jacob in his appendix. But, if all notice of this flag scene is suppressed by our author's prudence; and if he is thus prone to



laud existing governments, and ministers for the time being, he is manifestly under the influence of no such feelings with respect to those administrations which have ceased to exist, and those eminent persons who are no longer on the right side of the question. It is evident that the reason here ceases; and there being no *indecorum* (we believe that is the term of art) in vituperating cabinets and ministers, who, having lost their official existence, are to all useful purposes, as it were, defunct, a reasonable latitude of abuse may be indulged in at their expense. We have already noticed our author's free way of dealing with the *late* government of Spain: This is his portrait of the President of the Junta.

'The Count Altimira, as president of the Junta, ought, from his rank perhaps, to have been first noticed. I have only seen him in the public streets. He has the physiognomy of a baboon, and is said to possess little more intellect than that mimic of man. He is escorted to the Alcazar by a party of the house guards, in a chariot of a most despicable appearance, drawn by two mules, while the populace sneeringly call him the king of Seville.' p. 65.

The following description of the Junta's government, we are much afraid, applies to those who have succeeded it in a very considerable degree; though, as we do not belong to the safe class of politicians, it may perhaps be somewhat dangerous for us to express such a suspicion. In giving this extract, it is scarcely necessary to stop for the purpose of expressing our abhorrence of the apt manner in which he is pleased to deride the fear of unlimited power, as not suited to the age we live in.

'The public mind, never having been turned to political subjects, extreme ignorance upon these topics has been the natural consequence; and their best writers have never ventured to discuss matters relating to the extent or limits of power necessary for the function of government; but have generally confined themselves to political economy, as adapted to the actual state of Spain, at the period in which they wrote.

Those persons, who have paid any attention to political subjects, had borrowed the ideas of Montesquieu, who certainly impressed his readers with jealous fears of the danger of unlimited power; which, however calculated for the tranquil times of Europe in which he lived, are ill-adapted for the present day.

'In all my conversations with the Spaniards who clamour for the convocation of the Cortes, I have felt a persuasion that they are not looking at the proper means of salvation; that an executive, not a legislative power, is what the present state of their country demands: that a dictator, not a senate, is the great desideratum. Whatever the state of this government may be hereafter, nothing can be worse than it is at present; and no change can injure the people, except French subjugation, an evil which, I believe, will never befall them, in spite of all their blunders and consummate indolence. The present system unites the evils of the three forms into which governments are usually divided, without possessing the advantages of either; and, in one desolating view, presents the debility of a worn-out despotism, without its secrecy or its union; the insolence and intrigues of an aristocracy, without its wisdom or refinement; and the faction and indecision of a democracy, without the animated energy of popular feeling. Hence all is doubtful, wavering, and indecisive; the resolutions of one day contradicting those of the preceding, and the labours of one section interfering with those of another, in a manner that produces universal confusion.

'I shall dismiss this subject with observing, that the members are paid an annual salary of 4000 dollars; without which many of them, whose estates are situated in parts of the country occupied by the French, and from which they can draw no revenues, would be unable to subsist, even with all their parsimonious economy.' p. 69—70.

We are sorry that our limits prevent us from extracting the description of Seville, that eighth wonder of the world, according to all good Spaniards. According to Mr. Jacob, it deserves its character only from the magnificence of several of its public buildings. But the following remarks on the Catholic worship and religion, are evidently the production of one accustomed both to reflection and to composition; however much we may be disposed to think that they under-

rate the evils of auricular confession—and even omit altogether the mention of its worst effect, in getting rid of the restraints of conscience, training the mind to habits of casuistry, and enuring the feelings to base contemplations.

‘On Sunday I went to the Cathedral, to see the ceremony of high Mass. There is a pomp and splendour in the Catholic worship, when performed in a country where that religion is established, which, like any other pageant, dazzles for a moment, and confines the attention to the imposing spectacle; but it is so different from any of our feelings of religion, that the impression it makes upon us, differs little from that which the best scenes in a theatre produce. On those, however, who, from early and repeated association, have connected these ceremonies with religious ideas, and with the strong feelings of adoration and gratitude, the effect produced must be very great, though I should suspect very transient.

‘I have frequently visited this Church before, and every time with such increased admiration, that I am afraid to attempt a description of it, from a consciousness of the difficulty to do justice to my own impressions. From the climate, it is necessary to exclude the heat, and of course the light; there are consequently but few windows, and those painted glass, barely sufficient to give light enough to distinguish, on first entering, the various surrounding objects. This produces a solemn effect on the high altar, which is brilliantly illuminated with wax-tapers of an enormous size. The decorations of this altar are splendid and sumptuous beyond description; the quantity of gilding on the borders of the different compartments, filled with images and pictures; the massy silver and gold ornaments, and the rails of bronze, tastefully designed, compose a most impressive whole. The priests kneeling before the altar, and in silence offering up their devotions, the clouds of ascending incense, and the pious on their knees, in the most striking attitudes, altogether form a scene that at once captivates the imagination, and suspends the reasoning faculties; it is a scene to be felt, but not described: the sensations it produces may be indulged, but cannot long delude a reflecting mind.

‘My English ideas were not to be seduced by this imposing spectacle; and I could not refrain, after a few minutes, from calculating what a portion of all that is valuable in man, of moral rectitude, of

benevolent propensity, and of patience in adversity, is produced by all this costly machinery. That some parts of this machinery may be useful it would be unjust to doubt; and rash must that man be, who would hastily and inconsiderately level to the ground even these supports, feeble as they are, of the virtue and consolation of a whole people. The great distinction between the English Clergy and those of the Catholic Church, as well as some of our English sectaries, is, that the former, in all their public services, strive chiefly to enforce practical virtue, while the latter lay the greatest stress on the adherence to their peculiar rites and doctrines.

‘Religion in every country is calculated to produce an effect on manners as well as on morals. In England, among those who read but little or not at all, the effect is accomplished by public preaching; but in Spain, where preaching is by no means common, the knowledge of Religion is kept alive by sensible representations of the events of the Gospel history. These are exhibited in the Churches, or the Calvarios, on the days set apart for celebrating the leading facts of the Christian Religion, or on days consecrated to the memory of particular Saints. From these the people collect with tolerable accuracy the true accounts of the life and miracles of our Saviour and his Apostles; but they received with equal credit legends of Saints, which, from the manner in which they are taught, they cannot distinguish from authentic facts: But virtue, which ought to form the ultimate object of all true religion, which elevates man to the highest rank of which he is susceptible, and assimilates him to a superior order of beings, is left to the confessor to be impressed on the mind of the penitent.

‘Auricular confession is but a poor substitute for public preaching; or rather, public teaching, which the Reformation introduced, is an excellent substitute for auricular confession. The dignity of the pulpit makes reproof more severe, denunciations more alarming, advice more powerful, and consolation more soothing; while the intimacy, and sometimes the familiarity of auricular confession, makes the penitent feel but too forcibly that the spiritual guide has all the passions and weakness of those who rely on him.

‘I should, however, be sorry to see this practice abolished till some better were introduced in its stead; for though it be obvious that the profligacy of the higher classes is not corrected by their Religion, and whatever dominion they may allow their priests over their faith and their pi-



trials, they allow them very little over their morals; yet, with the middle and lower ranks of society, who form the most virtuous and moral class of the people, they have a beneficial influence. With the higher order, the great struggle of the confessor is to keep the mind free from doubts, to enforce submission to the dogmas and ceremonies of the Church, and prevent the inroads of heresy. With the other classes there is no such task; they never read books written by foreigners, nor ever converse with them; they have no doubts on points of faith, no scruples in matters of ceremony; and the task of the confessor is more directly addressed to the formation of the moral habits of sobriety, honesty, and veracity. On these points they have evidently been successful; for I have never been in any country where the mass of the people has approached the conduct of the Spaniards in these respects. In chastity, as far as I can judge, they have not been so successful. Whether the evil arise from the celibacy of the clergy, the voluptuous climate, or the remains of Moorish manners, I cannot determine; but there is, in this respect, a degree of profligacy extending to all ranks in this country, which I trust will ever remain unexampled in our own. A priest, with whom I was conversing on this subject a few days ago, assured me that, of the numerous females who came to him for absolution, he seldom found any who confessed the violation of any commandment but the seventh.' p. 84—88.

A variety of particulars are added, illustrative of the ceremonies of the Romish church in Spain, we believe, with sufficient accuracy, excepting one small slip. Mr. Jacob derides the Spanish custom of calling *the priest*, who carries the holy elements to perform extreme unction withal, 'his majesty.' If we mistake not, the expression of 'his majesty,' or 'their majesties,' is applied, not to the priest, but to the sacred elements themselves, and means nothing more absurd in Spanish, than our English expression of 'Lord' does, when employed to designate the highest of beings. It may be expected that something should be added touching the inquisition, and, from what our author states, it is pretty clear, that after all the sneers which have been cast on the enemies of intolerance, tyranny, and political abuses in general, by the pretended friends of

the Spaniards, and the true and well paid, and for the present faithful champions of every bad institution—the interested mortals, whose motto is, that '*whatever is, is right*'—this same inquisition, though it may have given over treating the public at stated times with an *Auto dà fe*, is nevertheless in full force and activity—ready to intermeddle on every occasion—prepared to go just as far as the government can be bribed, or the people terrified or lulled to permit it; and always on the alert, by all such means, to extend the sphere of its activity and influence. Notwithstanding the disposition, our author says, which he found in society to treat the holy office as insignificant, during the short period of his stay at Seville, two instances occurred within his knowledge, which, as he remarks, evince 'its meddling disposition.' An Englishman having imported some handkerchiefs marked with patriotic emblems, among which the printer had unluckily introduced some religious figures, as crosiers, crosses and mitres; the inquisition soon had notice of the fact; and, under pretence that these goods might be used to bring religion into contempt (we suppose by the same process which was employed against the 'great statesman now no more,' by Mr. Wedgewood in his ingenious pots), the holy officers seized upon the whole assortment, and had it burnt. A Spanish merchant, however, had well nigh fared worse. He had prepared a cargo of wool for exportation, and by accident, the bales were marked with a cross. Immediate consultation was holden as to the proceedings fit to be instituted against the person who dared to prophane so sacred a symbol; but the delinquent being a good Catholic, some one gave him notice of his danger; and being also a man of ingenuity and resources, he saved himself by lengthening the upright line of the cross, and clapping two flukes on the short part of it: So that when the holy officers came to seize the bales, they appeared to be marked only with

a harmless anchor. Our author adds, that he had been informed, that, of late years, the victims of the inquisition have been, not spiritual delinquents, but persons guilty of *pumping*; a singular treatment for such an offence in a country so little noted for chastity. However, when he visited the building, and was shown a light and airy cell, in a small garden planted with orange and fig trees, and was told that the others were similar, he asked, naturally enough, if there were any prisoners in confinement, any subterraneous cells, or instruments of torture? But 'to these questions,' (says he, in *italics*) '*I could obtain no replies.*' The influence of the clergy is so great at Seville, that it seems no theatre nor any place of public amusement is permitted.

The process of tithing appears to be better known, and practised in a more masterly style in Spain, than in any other country. Perhaps those who attend to the following extract, may rather wonder at the influence of the clergy there being so great as it still is, than at its diminution; and may feel a greater degree of admiration, when they reflect on the struggles which the Spanish peasants have made for the benefit of such masters as they appear to live under.

'The tithes collected in Andalusia extend to every agricultural production, and are rigidly exacted, not, as with us, on the ground, but after it has gone through all the necessary processes to fit it for the use of man. Thus, wheat and barley must not only be cut, but thrashed and winnowed, before the tithes are taken. Olives, which form a most important article in this vicinity, when they are sold in the state in which they are grown, pay the tithe only on the quantity carried away; but if there be a mill, and oil-presses on the farm, one-tenth of the oil is taken by the collector. In the same manner, the tithe upon grapes when the grapes are sold, is paid in fruit; but when made into wine within the district, the church receives one-tenth of the liquor.

'The principle upon which this is founded seems to be, that the church may receive one-tenth of the produce in the first stage in which it becomes fit for use; for if wine be made into brandy, or vinegar, the church

receives its dues from the wine, and not from those articles into which it is afterwards converted. The more valuable productions of the field, such as liquorice and sumach, as well as the minuter articles of the garden, such as melons, pumpkins, onions, garlic, peas and beans, all contribute an equal proportion to the support of the ecclesiastical establishment. The right to tithes has been lately extended to such wild fruits as can be sold, even for the smallest sums: thus the tunas, or prickly pears,—the figs growing on the opuntia, a wild fruit with which the hedges abound, and consequently of little value, have lately been subjected to the tithing system. One-tenth also of all the domesticated animals is delivered to the tithe-collector, as well as the wool annually shorn from the sheep.

'Composition for tithes is a practice wholly unknown in Andalusia. The Cabildo annually sells the tithes by a species of auction; and where no person bids sufficiently high, the articles are taken into its own hands, and collected in storehouses within the district. In either case, the collectors of the tithes have no common interest with the farmers, who, from submission to the Church, frequently suffer the grossest impositions without an effort for redress, knowing that, in any appeal they might make, priests would be their judges. Before the revenues are collected, the Cabildo issues its billets of repartimiento to the different claimants on their fund, which entitle the bearer to a certain sum of money, or a specific quantity of produce, and, being easily transferred, are frequently sold by the necessitous clergy. Those who have billets for produce, receive it at the storehouses where it has been deposited by the collectors; but those who have billets for money, receive it from the treasurer of the Cabildo, as the purchasers of the tithes make their payments. There is an uniformity in this system which produces effects diametrically opposite to those which are felt in England. In Spain, it is the clergy who oppress, and the farmer who is defrauded; in England, it is the farmer who imposes, and the clergyman who is the sufferer.' p. 99—101.

Mr. Jacob's stay at Seville afforded him abundance of opportunities of indulging his taste for the fine arts, in the study of the various admirable pictures with which that city abounds. He has mingled an account of many of these with his narrative; and we have derived great satisfaction from perusing his observations. Referring



to his work for a variety of other information respecting both the masters and the pictures themselves (particularly for notices of the works and life of Campana, an artist whom we suspect he overpraises), we cannot avoid inserting the following very favourable specimen of our author's cognocenza. It is the description of one of the great Murillo's finest pieces.

'Moses striking the rock is a most wonderful production; the anxious countenances of the Israelites, all eagerly crowding to the water, are exact representations of what might be supposed the expressions of people in such a state. The figure of the mother with an infant, eagerly stretching out her hand to catch a few drops for her child, another lamenting the delay in obtaining a supply, and a boy mounted on a horse, stretching forward to the stream, are esteemed the best figures, while the countenances of all discover gratitude to God for this unexpected supply. I never felt so much pleasure from the contemplation of any work of art as from this picture; but, notwithstanding the admirable expressions of the countenances, I could not help admiring the shadow of the rock from which the water gushes out. A passage in the sacred writings mentions as a luxury "the shadow of a great rock in a desert wilderness;" it is here displayed most admirably; the rock is high and large; within its shade the people appear protected from the rays of the sun, which seem to diffuse a burning heat over every other part of the scene.' p. 117.

The letters of Mr. Jacob are, indeed extremely creditable to his general information and activity. There are few subjects on which he does not touch; and in almost every one he seems to be at home. Trusting to this, it is true, he sometimes makes a dash out of his way, and then he is apt to lose his footing. We might point out several such false steps; but it would be invidious. We shall therefore only notice such as a Fellow of the Royal Society ought not to have made, and as a little temperance in the display of his gifts, would have saved our author from falling into. Thus, had he been content, at p. 330, to use the vulgar name of *black lead*, and at p. 332 to employ the still more common

name of *lead*, mankind, to the end of time, might have remained as ignorant of his mineralogical endowments, at he is of mineralogy. But, lest his readers should not understand what he meant by 'a vein of black lead,' and 'a mine of lead;' or, in case they might have any doubt as to the extent of his scientific acquirements, he must needs translate 'black lead' into '*molybdena*;' and, by a more singular alchemy still, transmute 'lead' into '*plumbago*.' Nor should a Fellow of the Royal Society speak of the degree of *longitude* which was measured in Peru (p. 143.) nay, we will not even permit such a dignitary to tell us that, the 'work of Almamon, published in 814, describes the mode of measuring a degree of the meridian, *the result of which* very nearly corresponds with the more recent experiments made in Peru and Lapland.' First, (to omit all other objections), because the mode could have no result at all; and next, because no result could correspond with the 'experiments (measurements) made in Peru and Lapland,' unless it was wide of the truth. For the Lapland measurement, to which our author obviously alludes, is that of Maupertuis, now ascertained to be erroneous. In this instance, Mr. Jacob is betrayed, as before, by a little stretch of ambition; he must not only be familiar with Arabic authors, but with the history of science in the East; and so he discovers, what we venture to say no other man will ever find in those writers. Thus much it was incumbent on us to set down; but we cheerfully recur to the praise already bestowed on our author for the generality and correctness of his information.

From Seville Mr. Jacob returned to Cadiz;—as usual, hearing much about robbers, their force, their cruelty and their boldness;—as usual, seeing nothing of them, nor finding the smallest trace of their existence. We shall not stop to give any part of his account of the agriculture in the south of Spain, because it is rather

meagre and unsatisfactory ; nor of the manufactures and royal monopolies, which are pretty fully described : Nor shall we extract the lively and shocking description of a bull feast which he inserts ; both because the subject is sufficiently known, and because it is too odious to contemplate. After painfully getting through the disgusting details of it, still more painful and disgusting is it to meet with such a remark as closes it. ' However repugnant,' says he, ' this diversion may appear to every delicate and feeling mind, it is more frequented and admired by the ladies than by the gentlemen ; they attend these exhibitions in their gayest dresses, applaud the address of the inhuman combatants, and feel the greatest solicitude at the different critical turns of the fight. Many of the young country gentlemen may trace their ruin to these spectacles, as decidedly as Englishmen of the same class may trace theirs to Newmarket. In fact, it is the great object which engages the attention of that description of men distinguished by the term *Majos*.' p. 175.

On his return to Cadiz, our author has occasion to make some remarks not very favourable to the loyalty of the Spanish navy ; and to censure still more unequivocally their nautical discipline. Into this field, for obvious prudential reasons, we must decline to follow him. We do not belong, as we before stated, to the class of *safe* politicians ; and there is no saying what effects a representation from some Spanish envoy might have in a certain quarter. Turn we then gladly to a safer theme, and one upon which we can dwell forever, with the wonder and delight wherewith it will be dwelt upon forever by all men—the immortal victory of Trafalgar ! We have always brought before our readers every gleanings which the narratives of successive travellers afforded in illustration of this mighty achievement ; and we shall here, in consistency with this principle, ex-

tract the striking circumstances relating to it which Mr. Jacob has so well represented.

' Before the battle of Trafalgar, when the orders arrived for the fleet to sail, every man, at all accustomed to the water, was impressed to man the navy ; the carnage of that day consequently fell principally on the population of Cadiz ; and numerous widows and orphans have to lament the loss of their husbands and fathers in that memorable action.

' I have frequently heard people relating, with indescribable emotions, the fears, the hopes, the agitations, and the mournings, which occupied those few, but interesting days, when the united fleets of France and Spain sailed from Cadiz, amidst the prayers and benedictions of the people, with the vain expectation of vanquishing the foe who had so long held them imprisoned within their own fortifications. The day they sailed, all was expectation and anxiety. The succeeding day increased the suspense, and wound up the feelings of the people almost to a state of phrenzy. The third day brought intelligence that the hostile fleets were approaching each other, with all the preparations of determined hostility. The ships were not visible from the ramparts, but the crowds of citizens assembled there had their ears assailed by the roaring of the distant cannon ; the anxiety of the females bordered on insanity ; but more of despair than of hope was visible in every countenance. At this dreadful moment, a sound, louder than any that had preceded it, and attended with a column of dark smoke, announced that a ship had exploded. The madness of the people was turned to rage against England ; and exclamations burst forth, denouncing instant death to every man who spoke the language of their enemies. Two Americans, who had mixed with the people, fled, and hid themselves, to avoid this ebullition of popular fury ; which, however, subsided into the calmness of despair, when the thunder of the cannon ceased. They had no hope of conquest, no cheering expectations of greeting their victorious countrymen, nor of sharing triumphal laurels with those who had been engaged in the conflict ; each only hoped that the objects of his own affection were safe ; and in that hope found some resource against the anticipated disgrace of the country.

' The storm that succeeded the battle tended only to keep alive, through the night, the horrors of the day, and to prepare them for the melancholy spectacle of the



ensuing morning, when the wrecks of their floating bulwarks were seen on shore, and some, that had escaped the battle and the storm, entered the bay to shelter themselves from the pursuit of their victorious enemy.

'The feelings of strong sensibility, which had so agitated the minds of the people during the conflict, were now directed to the tender offices of humanity towards their wounded countrymen; the softer sex attended on the wharfs to assist them in landing, to convey them to the convents and the hospitals; while the priests were administering the last offices of religion to those whose departing spirits took their flight before they could reach the asylums appointed for their reception. When the first emotions had subsided, the people of Cadiz strongly manifested their contempt of the French, whom they accused of having deserted them in the hour of battle; and the attention of Lord Collingwood to the wounded Spanish prisoners, induced them to contrast the conduct of their generous enemies with that of their treacherous allies. p. 179—181.

These deeds of arms and of mercy, did, we will hope, redeem our national character from the foul stain which the affair of the Spanish frigates had left upon it, and does still leave upon the memory of its author. But Mr. Jacob has found out another method of wiping that blot away. In giving an account of the veteran Don Alviar, one of the best naval officers in the service, he informs us, that he commanded one of the four frigates *'which were intercepted before the war began;'* that he had passed some years in South America, and was on his return to his native country, with his wife, his children, and his wealth. When they met the British squadron, he was in a boat coming from the Commodore's ship: The vessels engaged; and he saw the one blow up in which his whole earthly treasures were stored. He was carried prisoner to England; and, says Mr. Jacob, on a proper representation of his case to the government, every possible alleviation was afforded him: his family were irretrievably gone, but his wealth was generously returned." Some readers may reflect on the

cause of the war, and more especially on this dreadful crime which preceded it. They may know, from a lively recollection of the eloquence displayed on that afflicting subject by Lord Grenville, Lord Grey, and Dr. Lawrence, that base, sordid lucre—Spanish dollars, were at the bottom of the whole proceeding; and therefore they may be surprised at the act of *kindness and liberality* which is here recorded—'Don Alviar's share of the dollars was,' as our author says, *'generously returned:'* but what follows will astonish most readers still more—'and his gratitude knows no bounds!' Furthermore, he is a friend of the English, and rejoices in the alliance between the two countries;—an instance of patriotism, of self-subjugation, of violence done to the strongest natural feelings, which has no example since the days of him who put his children to death for the liberties of his country, and which we should place in the very same rank with that precedent, if the elder Brutus had ever touched the money of the Tarquins.

From Cadiz, our author made an interesting excursion to Granada, by Malaga and Gibraltar. We have not left ourselves room to follow him through this tour; but he continues to describe well, to observe with his usual acuteness, and to communicate such things as may instruct his readers respecting the state of Spain, without nicely weighing whether they make for or against his views of the political questions to which they relate. The reader will probably recognize, in the following anecdote, the style of those *official accounts* which so frequently inform the world of Spanish victories.

'While eating our homely repast under the gateway of the posada, the politicians of the place, attracted by the intelligence that some Englishmen were arrived, assembled round us to inquire for news; though curious, they were not impertinent; and the expressions of hatred to the French, and gratitude to our country, were by no means ungrateful to our feeling. I

never was more struck with Spanish bombast, than on this occasion. The spokesman of the party harangued them in lofty terms; and said, that but for the intervention of England, Malaga, and all their country, would have been conquered by the enemy last year; and, that nothing but the arms of England now preserved them from destruction: He continued his harangue by stating, that he had been in England lately, (meaning Gibraltar, which the people here designate by that name), where he saw el General, pointing to me, at the head of ten thousand men, all clothed in scarlet, and who moved as though they were one man; that he saw el Coronel pointing to Mr. Michell, commanding hundreds of cannon, which the men pointed with the facility of a musket; and continued paying us such extravagant compliments, and uttering such pious wishes for our prosperity, that it rendered the whole scene completely ludicrous to us, though it appeared interesting to the rest of his auditors. He execrated the Junta and the Spanish officers, and concluded with significant grimaces, and a characteristic wave of his finger; "*los oficiales Espanoles no valde nada, no valde nada;*" Spanish officers are good for nothing.

'I lay little stress on these and similar occurrences, and do not depend on them as indications of patriotism; and I notice them rather as illustrations of manners, than of politics; as proofs of the polite and flattering habits which the Spaniards possess, rather than as demonstrations of their political regard for us. I have so frequently heard this expression, "*no valde nada,*" applied by the people to their officers and their troops, that I consider it a mere compliment to ours; and it shows only the extent of their politeness, when the proudest people on earth can sacrifice so far to civility, as to degrade their own countrymen, merely to flatter foreigners.

'We left Alora amidst the benedictions of the orator, who had transformed my volunteer coat into a general's uniform, and prematurely raised my friend to a rank which, when he attains, I have no doubt he will fill with honour to himself, and advantage to his country. Our road was tremendous, &c. p. 319—321.

The description which our author gives of Granada may somewhat disappoint the reader; but it is indeed one of those subjects, which a traveller may be excused for not doing justice to. We shall content ourselves with transcribing his account of the

singular town of Ronda: and then close these extracts with his remarks upon the Spanish peasants, and upon the character of the higher classes.

'One of the streets of the city is built almost close to the edge of the precipice, and stairs are hewn out of the solid rock, which lead to nooks in the lower precipices, in which, though there is very little soil, gardens have been formed, where fig and orange trees grow with considerable luxuriance, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the scenery. From the situation of Ronda, on the top of a rock, water is scarce, and stairs are constructed down to the river, by which means the inhabitants are supplied. We descended by one flight of three hundred and fifty steps, and at the bottom found a fine spring, in a large cave, which after turning a mill at its source, contributes to increase the waters of the Guadiaro. From this spot, our view of the lofty bridge was most striking and impressive; and the houses and churches of the city, impending over our heads on both banks, had a most sublime effect. Beyond the bridge, the river takes a turn to the right, and passes under the Alameyda, from which, the precipice of five hundred feet is very bold and abrupt, though interspersed with jutting prominences, covered with shrubs and trees. The Alameyda of this city is by far the most beautiful public walk I have seen in Spain; the paths are paved with marble; the parterres are filled with ever-greens; and over the paths, vines are trained on trellises, which, in the warmest weather, afford a grateful shade.

'One of the curiosities of Ronda, is a singular repository for water under the Dominican convent: It consists of a large cavern, nearly on a level with the river, which was supplied with water by means of an aqueduct, which formerly passed over the old bridge. When this city was besieged by the Christians, and no access could be had to the river, it is said that the Moors employed their Christian captives in bringing the water in skins from this reservoir to supply the wants of the inhabitants: It is descended by means of about three hundred and fifty steps; and on the walls are shown marks of the cross, which the pious captives are said to have worn with their fingers in passing up and down during their laborious occupation. The cavern is hollowed into spacious saloons, the roofs of which are formed into domes of prodigious height; and formerly the whole was filled with water: But there having been no necessity, of late years, to



have recourse to this method of supplying that necessary article, the caverns are neglected, and are going so fast to decay, that in a few years they will be filled with the rubbish which falls from the roofs.' p. 334—336.

The following are the most material parts of his observations upon the peasantry.

'The inhabitants of Ronda have peculiarities common to themselves and the other people in the mountainous districts, and obviously differ from the people on the plains. The dress both of the males and females varies as well in the colour and shape of the garments, as in the materials of which they are composed, and is peculiarly calculated for cold weather. Their countenances, as I have before noticed, are very expressive, and, in my judgment, superior to those of any race of people I have seen. The men are remarkably well formed, robust, and active, with a flexibility of well-turned limbs, which, doubtless, contributes to that agility for which they are celebrated; but the females in general are of short stature; and the cumbersome dress which they wear so conceals the figure, that it is difficult to determine whether they are well or ill formed; but there is an expression of sensibility in their countenances, and a peculiar grace in all their movements, which is extremely fascinating. In walking the streets the women wear veils, to cover their heads, as a substitute for caps and hats, neither of which are worn. These veils are frequently made of a pink or pale blue flannel; and, with a petticoat of black stuff, form their principal dress. The men wear no hats; but, instead of them, what are called *montero caps*, made of black velvet or silk, abundantly adorned with tassels and fringe; and a short jacket, with gold or silver buttons, and sometimes ornamented with embroidery, is worn just sufficiently open to display a very highly finished waistcoat; they wear leather or velvet breeches, with gaiters; so that the whole of the figure, which is generally extremely good, is distinctly seen.

'Having observed much of the manners and character of the Spanish peasantry, more especially within the last fourteen days, I feel I should not be doing them justice were I to abstain from speaking of them according to my impressions. I have given some account of their figures and countenances; and though both are good, I do not think them equal to their dispositions. There is a civility to strangers, and an easy style of behaviour, familiar to

this class of Spanish society, which is very remote from the churlish and awkward manners of the English and German peasantry. Their sobriety and endurance of fatigue, are very remarkable; and there is a constant cheerfulness in their demeanour, which strongly prepossesses a stranger in their favour. This cheerfulness is displayed in singing either ancient ballads, or songs which they compose as they sing, with all the facility of the Italian improvisatori. One of their songs varying in words, according to the skill of the singer, has a termination to certain verses, which says, "that as Ferdinand has no wife, he shall marry the king of England's daughter." Some of these songs relate to war or chivalry, and many to galantry and love: the latter not always expressed in the most decorous language, according to our ideas.

'Though the Spanish peasantry treat every man they meet with politeness, they expect an equal return of civility; and to pass them without the usual expression, "*Vaya usted con Dios*," or saluting them without bestowing on them the title of *Cabaleros*, would be risking an insult from people who, though civil and even polite, are not a little jealous of their claims to reciprocal attentions. I have been informed, that most of the domestic virtues are strongly felt, and practised by the peasantry; and that a degree of parental, filial, and fraternal affection is observed among them, which is exceeded in no other country. I have already said sufficient of their Religion; it is a subject in which they feel the greatest pride. To suspect them of heresy, or of being descended from a Moor or a Jew, would be the most unpardonable of all offences; but their laxity with respect to matrimonial fidelity, it must be acknowledged, is a stain upon their character; which, though common, appears wholly irreconcilable with the general morality of the Spanish character. They are usually fair and honourable in their dealings; and a foreigner is less subject to imposition in Spain than in any other country I have visited.

'The generosity is great, as far as their means extend; and many of our countrymen have experienced it in rather a singular way. I have been told that, after the Revolution, when Englishmen first began to travel in the Peninsula, many who had remained a few days at an Inn, on asking for their bill, at their departure, learnt, to their great surprise, that some of the inhabitants, with friendly officiousness, had paid their reckoning, and forbidden the host to communicate to his guests the

persons to whose civility they were indebted. I knew one party myself to whom this occurred at Malaga: they were hurt at the circumstance, and strenuously urged the host to take the amount of their bill, and give it to the person who had discharged it; but he resolutely refused, and protested he was ignorant of those who paid this compliment to Englishmen. It was common, if our countrymen went to a coffee-house, or an ice-house, to discover, when they rose to depart, that their refreshment had been paid for by some one who had disappeared, and with whom they had not even exchanged a word. I am aware that these circumstances may be attributed to the warm feelings towards our country, which were then excited by universal enthusiasm; but they are, nevertheless, the offspring of minds naturally generous and noble.' p. 337—341.

What he adds upon the upper classes of the community, will probably be thought sufficient to warrant the distrust we have already expressed in the exertions of the country at large, so long as its resources, comprehending that excellent peasantry of whom our author has just been discoursing, shall be at the disposal of the lawyers, the priests and the grandees. The following passage is indeed concise, and rather gives the results of Mr. Jacob's observations, than his remarks themselves. The subject is of rather a delicate nature: and he may perchance recollect the wrath which used to be manifested by the pretended friends of Spain, at various times, and in divers manners, when any one happened to speak disrespectfully of the privileged orders in that country.

'I should be glad if I could, with justice, give as favourable a picture of the higher orders of society in this country; but, perhaps, when we consider their wretched education, and their early habits of indolence and dissipation, we ought not to wonder at the state of contempt and degradation to which they are now reduced. I am not speaking the language of prejudice, but the result of the observations I have made, in which every accurate observer among our countrymen has concurred with me in saying, that the figures and the countenances of the higher orders are as much inferior to those of

the peasants, as their moral qualities are in the view I have given of them.' p. 341.

We cannot close these quotations better, than with the two following short facts, which deserve the attention both of Spanish and English politicians.

'The mountains in this neighbourhood are filled with bands of contrabandists, who convey tobacco and other goods from Gibraltar to the interior of the country. They are an athletic race of men, with all the hardiness and spirit of enterprise which their dangerous occupation requires. They reside in the towns which are situated in the most mountainous part of the country, and are well acquainted with all the passes and hiding-places. They are excellent marksmen; and though the habit of their lives has rendered them disobedient to the revenue laws, yet they are much attached to their native land, and might with a little management be rendered very formidable to its invaders.' p. 341, 342.

'There are no game laws in Spain, nor could any power enforce such laws, were they enacted. Every man in Spain carries his gun when he goes from home. The Spaniards are all excellent marksmen; and the kind of defence best adapted for Spain, depends much on their skill in this respect. The parties of guerrillas formed over the country are very numerous; and, by intercepting despatches, and cutting off supplies, have annoyed the French more than the regular troops. Had game laws been established, and the peasantry prohibited from carrying fowling pieces, the country would not have made the resistance to the French, which has so far exceeded that which they have experienced in other countries.

'Though all are permitted to kill game, there are extensive preserves, called Cortos, belonging to the King, and to some of the nobility, which are protected by privileges similar to our right of free warren.' p. 198.

There is one part of Mr. Jacob's common-place book which we should have been glad to bring before our readers, if he had thought fit to print it, or to make any allusions to it;—we mean the facts and anecdotes relating to the French and Spaniards, which, as we find in the parliamentary reports for last session, he detailed in his place in the house of commons.



on the very day, if we rightly remember of his arrival from the Peninsula. He appears to have entered the house while the debate was going briskly on respecting the Portuguese subsidy; and finding, or thinking, that his majesty's ministers were at a loss for support, and especially for proper facts, he is reported to have supplied them most opportunely from the rich store with which he had that instant returned. This was worthy of the *safe* character which, we have already remarked, belongs to the worthy Alderman in his political capacity. We will not inquire whether his colleague, who had recently visited the Scheldt, adopted a still more prudent course, by only giving his silent vote upon that memorable expedition; but we are quite sure, that, when he comes to favour the impatient public with his tour, he will follow Alderman Jacob's safe example, and suppress all mention of the *reasons and facts* upon which his opinion was formed.

The appendix contains some of the papers before parliament,—the Itinerary of Antoninus in the south of

Spain,—and an abstract of the population in 1803, from '*Censo de fontos y Manufacturas de Espana.*' According to this account, Spain, including the islands in the Mediterranean, contained, then, 10,351,075 souls upon 15,001 square leagues; the density of the population varying from 2,009 on a square league, the proportion in Guipuzcoa, to 311, the proportion in Cuenca. These are *not* the facts in the eloquent and opportune speech above referred to.

We have only to add a word or two as to the external qualities of this volume. Of the plates we have already spoken favourably; but the size, type, and, of course, the price of the book, are not of that moderate and useful description which we have had occasion to notice with approbation in the works of other mercantile travellers, and which cannot be too highly praised. With respect to the general character of Mr. Jacob's production, enough has been said, to make it quite unnecessary more particularly to recommend it to the attention of our readers.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

*Code Penal*, &c. *i. e.* The Penal Code, an edition conformable to the original edition of the bulletin of the laws; preceded by an exposition of motives by the orators of the council of state, on each of the laws composing this code; with an alphabetical table of contents. 8vo. p. 320. Paris. 1810. Imported by De Boffe. Price 7s.

THAT branch of the Napoleon code, to which we are now about to introduce our readers, may justly be considered, in the solemnity of its sanctions, in the lasting consequence of its decisions, and in the tone which it naturally imparts to the moral character of a people, as the most important portion of the duty of a legislature; and finishing, as we now do, an attentive perusal of this system, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration of the general princi-

ples on which it is founded; our satisfaction at the salutary reforms which it has produced, and on the whole, the pleasure with which we always witness the progress of just theory in regulating the concerns of mankind, and in assuming that legitimate control over practical affairs, without which it is hopeless at any time to aspire after permanent improvement. The age in which we live will not rank among its meanest triumphs, *the total abolition of torture,*

—*the limitation of capital punishments to a small number of cases,—the infliction of death* (except in a single instance, that of parricide) *without insult or aggravation,—and the establishment of a simple code of punishments,—*in that empire which most pertinaciously adhered to the cruelty, the complexity, and all the false principles and odious practices which disgraced the multifarious enactments of the ancient civil code.

For our own part, we can scarcely regard without envy the employment to which the public men of France have recently been called, in re-organizing the laws of their country, at a period when the discussions of enlightened men have thrown so much light on the true doctrines of penal legislation. Yet they are not entitled to the merit of having been the first to promulgate from authority the wise and beneficent decrees in question. In the year 1791, the Constituent Assembly, (a body which, in spite of occasional mistakes and inconsistencies, will be allowed by impartial posterity to have deserved well of its country and of mankind,) undertook the weighty task of revising one of the most oppressive and corrupt penal codes that ever was endured in civilized society. They threw off the grosser errors, and rectified the more prominent anomalies; they appealed from the experience of evil to the abstract principles of right, and laid a sound basis for equitable coercion in the universal and well recognized propensities of the human mind. Their scheme has now undergone the trial of nearly twenty years; and it is adopted by the orators of the imperial council, with some variations imposed by the altered nature of the government, and others which have been suggested by the experiment itself.

These rests and pauses in which a nation calmly looks back on her former practice with a view to amendment, are advantages dearly bought in a despotic government by violent

convulsions, which they precede or follow. They are the moments of awful tranquillity that announce the approaching hurricane, or the first respite which permits the half-recovered proprietor to repair its destructive ravages. In a free state, like our own, where the warmest discussion of general topics provokes only an answer, and the most violent animadversions serve only to prove the stability of the system against which they are directed, no period can be improper for the detection of abuses, the exposure of errors, and the suggestion of remedies. Yet this very facility may sometimes operate to defeat the objects within its command; and, as according to the vulgar observation, "every body's business is nobody's business," so the exact season seems never to arrive for doing that which may at any time be effected. It is said, "things have gone on hitherto without any very material inconvenience; why select this particular instant for redressing trifling wrongs, which the habitual sufferance of them renders comparatively harmless? The events of the passing hour are fully sufficient to absorb the faculties of the wisest governors: their temporary pressure cannot dispense with immediate and unremitting attention; and why should we divert any part of it to that prospective amelioration which has long been delayed, and may wait a little longer, and which may be brought about at any time with as much advantage as at the present!" Without encountering these approved excuses of indolence and inactivity, by other topics as general in their nature, but of an opposite tendency,—and without citing or even insinuating the instructive proof which recent circumstances have afforded, of the immense danger of unnecessary postponements, we shall merely observe, that at the present epoch the public mind does happen to be peculiarly alive to the doctrines of criminal jurisprudence, and the defects in our own



penal system. Undismayed by the various objections and imputations which are calculated to deter them from the inquiry, several of the most distinguished members of our legislature have presumed to question the policy, the justice, and the humanity of our existing laws, and have most certainly been seconded by a very strong opinion *out of doors*. The opportunity, therefore, appears to be favourable for giving circulation to a rather ample exposition of the course pursued on the same subject by a great and enlightened people, and we design to state fully the contents of the work before us, for the information of our own countrymen, without instituting any parallel, or obtruding many remarks, except for the purpose of rendering more intelligible, by the contrast, that which, standing alone, it might be difficult to explain.

The Penal Code of France begins with certain preliminary dispositions, comprising little more than the definition of the legal terms most constantly employed; and the first book opens with a table of punishments, which are divided into, 1, the afflictive and infamous; 2, the infamous; 3, the correctional. Those of the first description are, death, compulsory labour for life, or for a certain time, deportation, and imprisonment. Under the second head are the pillory, banishment, and civil degradation. The correctional punishments are, temporary imprisonment in a place of correction, temporary interdiction from certain rights, either of a civic or domestic nature, and fines.—In the details which regulate the mode of inflicting these punishments, it is enacted that a parricide shall be taken in his shirt to the place of execution, barefooted, and his head covered with a black vail: that he shall be exposed on the scaffold while his sentence is read aloud; that his right hand shall be cut off, and he shall then be instantly executed. Decapitation is the only mode in which capital punishment can be administered.

In their remarks on this catalogue, the orators of the council introduce the subject of solitary confinement in terms not unworthy of consideration:

‘We have suppressed the punishment of *constraint*, (*la gêne*) which consisted in being imprisoned without any communication externally or with the other prisoners; which was sometimes pronounced for a term of twenty years. We confess that on this occasion we do not recognize the philanthropic sentiments of the constituent assembly; for what is the destiny of a man confined for twenty years, without hope of communication either with those within or those without the prison? Is he not plunged living into the tomb? Besides, what can be the utility of this punishment? It cannot be said to be established for example, since the criminal, withdrawn from every eye, may also be said to be dead to society: it is moreover almost impossible that an arrangement, which introduces so severe a sequestration, should ever be carried in execution, an additional motive for making the punishment of solitary confinement disappear from the penal code.’

Whether the total exclusion of the sentence in question can be defended as a prudent measure, we shall offer no opinion: but we confess that our ideas of humanity are widely different from those of persons who can propose the commutation of death for permanent and absolute solitude, as a measure of humanity. To us the suggestion of Cæsar, for the imprisonment of Catiline’s associates, has ever appeared more cruel than Cato’s stern denunciation of immediate death.

The punishment of civil degradation can scarcely be deemed very severe in France, when it excludes from voting at elections, and from serving in the army.—For certain offences, on which the law entirely declines to animadvert,—and for others, when expiated by a given portion of legal restraint, the offender is remitted to the superintendence of the police; a state nearly answering to that of a person in this country, who enters into a recognizance for abstaining from any particular mode of offending against the security of society.

The fourth and last chapter of the first book is of high importance. It relates to the *récidive*, or repetition of crimes and delinquencies which have already been visited by public justice :

‘ If any person, having been condemned for any crime which imports civil degradation, he shall be adjudged to the pillory.—If the second crime incurs the pillory or banishment, he shall be sentenced to imprisonment.—If the second crime entails the punishment of imprisonment, he shall be condemned to compulsory labour for a term, and to the brand.—If the second crime be liable to compulsory labour for a term, or deportation, he shall be condemned to compulsory labour for life.—If the second crime be amenable to the punishment of compulsory labour for life, he shall be condemned to suffer death.’

On these provisions, the orators offer the following observations :

‘ A first crime does not always necessarily suppose complete depravity in him who has been guilty of it : but a relapse into crime indicates vitious habits and a fund of wickedness, or at least of weakness not less dangerous to the social body than wickedness. A second crime ought therefore to be repressed with more severity than the first.

‘ The constituent assembly established against the second commission only the same punishment which was denounced against the first by the law, without distinction of the relapse : but it required that criminals, after having suffered the sentence, should on a relapse be deported ; an enactment which we do not deem conformable to the rules of exact justice, since it makes no distinction between him whose second crime imports imprisonment only, and him whose second crime incurs the punishment of four-and-twenty years in irons ; the heaviest, after that of death, which is inflicted by the code of 1791. We have therefore considered it as a right to seek another rule, more consistent with the proportions which ought to exist between crimes and punishments, and it naturally occurs : it is the application to crime, in case of relapse, of the punishment next greater than that which would have been inflicted on the culprit, if he were condemned for it for the first time.’

Unless the judges in France are allowed a very large indulgence in interpreting the law according to the spirit and intention of it, we should

be inclined to think that this wise and salutary principle is by no means sufficiently extended in the law above-recited. It is not easy to see why every repetition of offence should not be pursued with an increasing proportion of severity ; and a mass of evil habit exists in the frequent infraction of the laws, of which both the direct mischief and the contagious example may be easily conceived to call more loudly for extreme punishment, than even the most atrocious crimes that are committed only once, and without much premeditation. The life of so abandoned a man is a continual defiance to judicial authority, and an encouragement to similar rebellion in others ; and the exhibition of a capital punishment inflicted on one, who, without incurring the most weighty transgressions, had forfeited the right to live, by a series of constant violations, would have a most powerful effect in deterring others from the adoption of vitious courses.—It is astonishing that so simple and efficacious a principle should have been confined in our system to a few trivial cases, under the excise-laws, the game-laws, &c.

The *second book*, comprised in a single and short chapter, points out such persons as may become responsible for crimes that have been committed by others. Accomplices, conspirators, and abettors, are here considered ; as well as those who conceal either the intention of another to violate the law, or the property which may have been obtained by him as the fruit of his offence.—Those who do illegal acts, when in a state of madness or under the compulsion of irresistible force, are excused entirely ; if the culprit be under the age of sixteen, it shall be inquired whether he acted under a *discernment* of the deed ; and if he did, his punishment is reduced in certain proportions here defined : if he did not, he shall be acquitted of the offence, but with a power in the court to send him to a house of correction, instead of restoring him



to his parents. Certain mitigations are also here introduced in the corporal punishment of aged and infirm convicts. The case of intoxication is nowhere considered in the code.

The *third book* consists of two *titles*.

1. Of crimes and offences against the public weal. 2. Of crimes and offences against individuals. The *first title* is divided into *three chapters*, which are again subdivided into a great variety of sections and paragraphs.—*Chap. 1.* is devoted to crimes and offences against the safety of the state. Bearing arms against France, and adhering to the foreign enemies of the empire, are capital; and the various shades of treasonable correspondence, by which a certain degree of facility may be afforded to the commission of the same crimes, are visited with proportionate severity. Any attempt or conspiracy against the life or the person of the Emperor is high treason, and shall be punished as parricide; and any attempt or conspiracy against the life or the person of a member of the Imperial family, or for the purpose of destroying or changing the government, or the right of succession to the throne, or to excite to arms in opposition to the imperial authority, shall be punished with death and confiscation of goods.—An *attempt* is defined to exist, when any act is committed or begun towards arriving at the execution of those crimes, though they may not have been consummated; and a *conspiracy* (*complot*), when the resolution to act is concerted and formed between two conspirators, or any greater number, though no attempt has followed. A mere proposal made, and not accepted, to attack the person of the emperor, is to be punished by imprisonment; a milder provision than that of the law of England, which would consider the last mentioned offence as capital, under the title of “imagining the death” of the sovereign: but we may be allowed to doubt whether, in practice, the accused in France would enjoy so fair a trial as he would receive in this

country under the statute of Edward VI.

Death and confiscation are also denounced against those who shall foment civil war, devastation, massacre, or pillage; or shall prepare the way for those horrors by arming illegal levies, or shall destroy the magazines, arsenals, vessels, and edifices belonging to the state. The lower gradations of the same crimes, and minor offences tending to the same effect, are subjected to diminished penalties. The concealment and non-revelation of similar designs, within four-and-twenty hours after they come to the knowledge of any subject, are likewise declared penal: but imprisonment is the highest punishment inflicted, even if the case involves high treason. A singular exception is nevertheless admitted in the universality of this obligation:

“Notwithstanding, if the author of the conspiracy or the crime be the husband or the wife, *even though divorced*, the ancestor or descendant, the brother or sister, or the relation by alliance within any of the same degrees, of the person convicted of silence, such person shall not be liable to the penalty enacted in the preceding articles, but may be placed, by the sentence, under the superintendence of the high police, for any term not exceeding ten years.”

*Chap. II.* Aims at the suppression of crimes and offences against the constitutions of the empire;—a description so extremely large, that under it every sort of transgression might correctly and appropriately fall: but it is here confined to the disturbance of the exercise of civil rights, attempts hostile to liberty on the part of public functionaries, and other improprieties in the official conduct of such functionaries. We think that it is unnecessary, to enter into minute particulars on this subject; but it is difficult to abstain from contrasting the jealous vigilance exerted by the French law over the conduct of their judges, with the total silence of the English law as to the same important object, and the unlimited confidence which it reposes in their inte-

grity. These opposite sentiments are perfectly sanctioned, we doubt not, by experience: but Englishmen will cherish no envy towards a country that has yet to create the feelings of rectitude and honour, which in their own has elevated the judicial character beyond rivalry, suspicion or reproach.

Chapter III. embraces crimes and offences against the public peace;—and here the technical distribution of subjects appears to us rather pedantic than judicious, since many misdemeanors falling under the former heads much more closely connected with the public tranquillity than those which are here set forth. The *crimen falsi*, to which our legal vocabulary assigns the narrower term of *forgery*, is placed at the head of the list. Like all other crimes within the operation of this code, the higher and more dangerous modifications of it incur the severest punishment, while the less aggravated species are exposed to slighter visitations. Various delinquencies of public functionaries are then enumerated, and the penalties affixed: none of them seem to call for particular observation, till we arrive at a section which reflects in strong terms on those ministers of religious worship who, in direct contradiction to the established practice of orthodox divines, convert the pulpit into a scene of political declamation *against* “the powers that be.” This branch of the law proves at least the strong disposition to infringe it; and the legislator, by a very natural gradation, is led to impose certain fetters on the liberty of discussion in sermons and pastoral letters, which would properly come under consideration in conjunction with the long debated law of *Libel*, on which we shall presently say a few words.

After these enactments, we are somewhat surprised to stumble on a section devoted to the portentous name of *Rebellion*, which we certainly thought had been included under the branch of high treason, or of excite-

ment to civil war: but the word here signifies a resistance of a partial nature to particular acts of the government, as the collection of revenue, the operations of police, &c., or illegal combinations of workmen, insurrections of prisoners, &c. In no instances is rebellion the object of capital punishment. Connected with offences of this nature, are outrages committed against the depositaries of the public authority, the refusal of a service legally due, the escape of prisoners, the protection of criminals, and the like. Associations of malefactors are visited by the law: vagrancy and mendicity are pronounced to be offences; and the sixth section of the chapter now under consideration we regard as infinitely important, though its ostensible subject seems to be confined within a very narrow compass. It is headed thus: ‘Offences committed by writings, images, or engravings, *circulated without the name of the author, printer, or engraver.*’

It is a regulation of police, then, in France, that the name of the author or of the printer, (as it is an enactment in one of the bills passed here during Mr. Pitt’s administration, that the name of the printer,) shall appear in some visible part of the publication. The breach of our law in this respect incurs penalties which might have proved ruinous to an innocent tradesman, unless the legislature had interposed to limit their amount, by an act brought in during the present session; and the violation of the French decree is punished by imprisonment for a term, varying, at the discretion of the judge, from six days to six months. In all this we see no great harm: but the present section of the code is of far more consequence in what it omits, and in what it insinuates, than in that which it expresses and enacts. This would be the appropriate occasion for introducing the law of *Libel* into a code which, superseded the *lex non scripta*, and professing absolute certainty in the denunciation of crimes, should act as an effectual bea-



con to warn all men against the commission of them. *Libels*, however, as the objects of criminal visitation, are mentioned only twice, and in the slightest and most incidental manner. The pastoral letters, indeed, to which we have before alluded, if they *criticize* or *censure* either the government or any act of public authority, expose the writer to banishment; or, if they contain a *direct provocation to disobedience* of the laws, to deportation; and in case of such provocation is *followed* by sedition or revolt subjecting any of the actors to a severer punishment, such severer punishment shall also be inflicted on the minister of religion! Here, indeed, the denunciation is sufficiently direct: but the only reason that we can conceive, for selecting the single case of pastoral letters issued by priests, is that persons in general are relieved from the responsibility of publication by a system which suppresses, instead of chastising, and preserves the freedom of the press from occasional attacks, by keeping it perpetually fast-locked in the custody of government itself!

We must observe at the same time the slippery and dangerous ambiguity of the terms here employed, and the immense latitude of interpretation in which the judges are permitted to expatiate;—a feature which peculiarly characterises every part of this code, and which we were in some degree prepared to expect from a brevity and conciseness that are incompatible with strictness and legal definition. Human language has not yet attained the perfection of embracing in few words a great variety of complicated cases.—We must not, however, indulge in general observations, and shall dismiss this chapter by stating that it is illegal to pursue the profession of crying ballads or sticking bills, without a licence from the police; and that no assembly of more than twenty persons can meet for political, religious, or *literary* purposes, without the permission of the

government, subject to any conditions which it may choose to impose.

The *second title* of the *third book* relates to crimes and offences against individuals, and contains one chapter devoted to attacks on the person, and another confined to violations of property.—The first section of *Chap. I.* inflicts death for assassination, parricide, infanticide, and poisoning. A want of uniformity is discoverable between the legal language here used, and that with which we are familiar on this subject; and we think that a superiority of just distinction prevails in the former over the latter. *L'assassinat* is discriminated from *le meurtre*, and answers to *murder* in the English law, or a killing with premeditated malice; while *meurtre* is defined to be only a voluntary killing. *Wilful* and *malicious* with us are synonymous, when applied to the destruction of life; yet it is evident that numberless shades of difference may exist between them. *Meurtre* is accordingly punished with compulsory labour for life in general, but becomes capital when accompanied or followed by any other crime. The two following sections comprise the offences of menacing, wounding, and striking; with a description of such circumstances as may render these acts, as well as homicide itself, either justifiable altogether, or the objects of a mitigated sentence.—Sect. iv. treats on offences against morality. The most aggravated crime of this description, committed under the most aggravated circumstances, and consummated against persons of either sex, we are astonished to find is not rendered capital. The crime of simple rape, taken in this extended signification, is avenged by confinement; if perpetrated against a child under fifteen years of age, the criminal shall be kept to hard labour for a time; and he shall suffer the same constraint for life, if he had been intrusted with any authority over the object of his violence, if the tutor of the servant of the party attacked, if a

public functionary, or a minister of religion, or if he was assisted in his offence by several persons. This lenity appears extraordinary.—The corruption of youth, and the exposure to prostitution, more especially by parents and others in authority, are considered in this section. Adultery is punishable in the wife on the complaint of the husband only, by an imprisonment, which is always in his option to terminate by receiving her again. If he keeps a concubine, he may be fined; and bigamy in either party entails a heavier visitation than is consistent either with the English jurisprudence, or, in our judgment, with the necessity of the case; the culprit is confined to hard labour for a time.—The remaining sections impose penalties of great severity on offenders of a description scarcely known in this country; those who illegally arrest and confine others; those who conceal the fact of a birth, or substitute one child for another; and those who secrete minors. The subtraction of the body of any person, who is supposed to have died from violence, is punished as a contravention of what may certainly be considered as a very wise regulation of police.

In the *seventh section*, directed against false testimony, calumny, insult, and the revelation of secrets professionally intrusted, we discover a principle of some importance, as to the law of libel affecting the character and feelings of individuals, which is not quite inapplicable to the question so often agitated among us, “how far that which is true can justly be styled libellous,”—“Every imputation,” says this Penal Code, “is reputed false, which is not supported by legal proof. In consequence, the author of the imputation shall not be allowed to demand, in his defence, that the proof be entered into: neither shall he be able to allege as an excuse that the documents or the facts are notorious; or that the imputations which give rise to the prosecution are copied or ex-

tracted from foreign papers, or other printed writings.” “When the fact imputed shall be legally proved true, the author of the imputation shall be exempted from all penalty: but nothing shall be considered as a legal proof, but that which results from a judgment, or some other authentic act.”—In short, as we understand the provision, the defendant who is accused of calumny shall not be allowed to repel *that* accusation, by proving his charge to be true: but he may institute another proceeding for the purpose of doing this, and, if he be successful, he shall escape punishment. We think that this is a wise and simple expedient, in a case naturally involved in great difficulty, for reconciling the interests of truth with the public tranquillity and the protection of private character.

The extensive head of *theft* takes the lead in the *second chapter*, comprising attacks on property. The crime is capital when attended with the five following circumstances,—commission in the night time,—by several persons,—with the assistance of weapons—by the aid of breaking open doors, or of false keys, —with violence and menaces. We restrain our disposition to censure the exemption of so many thefts from the capital punishment which is so frequently pronounced against them here, because it may perhaps proceed from the extreme familiarity with severe sentences which the language, though not the practice of our penal laws, renders unavoidable. Still, we hesitate to approve the superior mildness here exercised with respect to crimes of so much danger as highway-robbery and burglary; though the former is to be punished with hard labour for life, and the latter with hard labour for a time. These punishments are indeed in themselves much more severe than the degree of comparison on which they naturally stand, in our minds, with that of death, will easily allow us to perceive: but so far are the French legislators from thinking that the se-



vere than the degree of comparison on which they naturally stand, in our minds, with that of death, will easily allow us to perceive: but so far are the French legislators from thinking that the security of property is increased by punishing petty larcenies with the loss of life, when committed in shops, booths, canals, &c., that they expressly reject the boasted influence of intimidation in this respect, as having been proved by experience to defeat its own object:

'As to thefts,' say the orators of government, 'of objects exposed to the public faith, the law of 1791 subjected them all indiscriminately to an afflictive penalty.' (not death, even then.) 'Many of these crimes remained unpunished, because the sentence was found to be too severe, and the acquittal of criminals was preferred to subjecting them to a chastisement exceeding that which they appeared to have deserved.' (*Motifs du Code Penal*, p. 111.)

The opposite extreme of indiscriminate lenity, which was tried by the directory, was found equally ineffectual; and the present code has drawn a distinction which merits attention. Property necessarily exposed, as cattle, crops, implements of husbandry, &c. are protected by the terror of afflictive punishments, very short indeed of the last infliction to which man is subject, and for that reason more likely to be carried into execution: but the theft of articles voluntarily exposed is repressed by the correctional police, which has no power beyond that of imprisoning for a very limited period. Amends perhaps ought, in all cases, if possible, to be made to the loser.

On the subject of *Larceny*, we must not conclude our remarks without stating our peculiar circumstance of exemption, of which we quote the subsequent description, not from the code itself, but from the motives detailed by the orators who present it:

'This principle consists in repealing all power of public prosecution, and admitting a civil action only; that is, an action for damages and interests, in regard to every kind of fraud executed by husbands to the prejudice of their wives, by wives to the injury of their husbands, by a widower or a widow as to property which had belonged to the deceased husband or wife; in a word, by relations and connections, lineally ascending or descending, against each other.

'The union of such persons is too close and intimate to allow public officers, on occasion of pecuniary interests, to scrutinize family secrets, which possibly ought never to be divulged; and it must be dangerous in the extreme that an accusation should be brought in those affairs, in which the line that separates mere indelicacy from real delinquency is hard to be discovered,' &c.

The reader will here be reminded of a similar saving clause introduced into the Chinese code in favour of near relations; but it is a proof of the looseness and inaccuracy with which the present code has been penned, that no provision is made for excluding acts of violence committed between relations who do not reside under the same roof, from the benefit of this most extensive privilege.

If in some instances we have awarded the preference to the code of the rival nation, we may boldly claim the praise of superior liberality and good sense for that of England, in respect to the section which immediately follows. Its very title is sufficient to convict it at once of false political economy, and of the most cruel of all injustice,—that which confounds misfortune with guilt. It is thus superscribed—'Of bankruptcy and swindling.\*' (*Escroquerie*.) In conformity to language thus barbarously ignorant, every bankrupt, in addition to the ruin of his affairs and the misery of his family, is subjected to afflictive and infamous punishments! While this law is carried into effect, we need

\* See the third number of the American Review, p. 54 of the appendix, where, in a note to this title of *bankruptcy*, the editor explains this apparently sanguinary part of the French penal code, by showing that the word *bankruptcy* in the French law is never used but when accompanied with some degree of fraud.—*Ed. Sel. Rev.*

not fear the commercial competition of our neighbour.

The remaining dispensations of the *third book*, and the whole of the *fourth*, strike us as not deserving particular attention. They are trifling and minute, relating to the most paltry attacks on property, and to that long list of petty grievances which our law classes under the denomination of *nuisance*; they appear in general equitable and moderate, but they do not involve either leading principles or important consequences.

We have judged it sufficient to call the attention of the public to the more material parts of the code, and have laboured to compress them, as well as our opinions on them, into the smallest space; for we are persuaded that those who are intrusted with the reform and the preservation of the English system will profit by studying that of France. Not that we recommend it for indiscriminate imitation or are blind to its numerous defects of arrangement, precision, and subject; but since nothing can keep the foundations of society clear of corruption and decay, except a frequent recurrence to first principles, we think

that much benefit may be derived from attending to the practical discussion of them, by some of the first men in a neighbouring nation, in many instances closely resembling our own: happy, we repeat, that, on this as on every other subject, the very nature of our constitution provides the means of peaceably introducing those remedies of what is wrong, and those improvements of what is incompletely right, which countries less favoured have been compelled to purchase at the dreadful price of subversion, massacre, and desolation!

Another task remains to be performed; that of disavowing in the strongest terms all participation in the extravagant and disgusting praise,—praise “which *damneth* him who gives and him who takes,”—with which the consecrated head of the Emperor is so profusely anointed by MM. *Lea Comtes Treilhard, Faure, Giunts, &c.* It equally proves the degrading servility of their minds, and the coarse appetite for the flattery of inferiors that sways that imperial bosom; which is, we believe, generally found in an inverse ratio to the love of rectitude, and the desire of honourable renown.



## SPIRIT OF MAGAZINES.

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In pursuance of our design of occasionally embellishing the Select Reviews with engravings, we now present to our patrons a faithful likeness of BENJAMIN WEST.

The drawing from which it is taken, is the production of Mr. Robertson, the celebrated English miniature painter. It was brought to our country by Mr. Sully, who lately returned from England, where his intimacy with Mr. West enabled him to offer it to us as a correct resemblance of our countryman.—Mr. Edwin, the engraver, one of the best of our artists, has done justice to the painter, and to his own genius.

A friend has accompanied the engraving with a brief Memoir of MR. WEST; and although *original articles* form no part of our plan, yet we shall never reject from the pages of the Select Reviews, an offering so acceptable to ourselves, and so gratifying to our readers. If, indeed, we can even be justified in deviating from our plan, it is when the subject of the essay relates to a native of our own soil, who, with many more of his countrymen, eclipses the genius of British artists in the centre of their own splendid metropolis.

In addition to Mr. West, our country has been honourably represented *abroad* by Copley and Trumbull, perhaps, in historical painting, second only to Mr. West; whilst, at *home* the names of *Stuart*, of *Sully*, of *Trott*, and of *Peale*, with many others, are always repeated with the encomiums which they so highly deserve.

In our next number we shall probably give a detailed catalogue of all the paintings of Mr. West, for whom painted, and in whose possession they now are.

### BENJAMIN WEST, Esq.

port. see p 225

THIS celebrated artist is so universally known, and has so long been a distinguished object in the world of taste, that his history is quite familiar with all who claim any acquaintance with the fine arts and their great masters. Yet, in an American publication, we should not pass by the occasion to repeat that this gentleman, on whose genius the British nation so justly prides herself, and by whose talents principally she maintains her rank on the lists of taste, was born in Pennsylvania in the year 1738. Although his powers have been brought to full maturity and perfection by the aid of European schools, and under the auspices of English patronage, yet it should not be forgotten that he was indebted to the discernment and liberality of his own countrymen for the

opportunity of seeking and obtaining that aid and patronage. When we look to the wealth and honour which now attend Mr. West, we acknowledge the comparative insignificance of the kindness with which the first dawning of his genius was greeted in Pennsylvania. But when we consider him, as he then was, an obscure lad, destitute of all means to gratify and improve his passion for painting, we shall more justly appreciate the merit of those who first offered him the generous hand of disinterested assistance; encouraged him to persevere; and put him on the path which has conducted him to the summit he now enjoys. No man ever better deserved or more richly repaid the attention of his friends. The indications of superiority, which manifested themselves in

his youth were not, as is too frequently the case, delusive and unsubstantial. As soon as his eye caught objects worthy of imitation in his art, his comprehensive mind embraced all their excellence, and his vast powers rapidly unfolded themselves. In 1760 he left his native land, and with a boldness of enterprise, which characterizes true genius, embarked for Italy. Can we imagine the feelings of a young enthusiast, for a painter is the greatest of enthusiasts, from the woods of America, when he first breathed the air so congenial with the arts, and trod the soil in which, for ages, they had bloomed and flourished! He remained in this great school of perfection, improving himself by a constancy of application and labour, until his health was materially impaired, and visiting every place where any thing was to be seen worthy of his regard. It is an impressive evidence of the amiable and conciliating manners of Mr. West, as well as of his superior genius, that wherever he went, he attached to him ardent, useful, and respectable friends. Without the influence of family or wealth to draw attention from strangers, he never failed to attract the notice and command the affections and services of the most valued men in the various places he visited. It may be here added, that the same kind dispositions adhere to him in his prosperity as the numerous Americans can attest who have known him in England since his elevation.

After remaining a considerable time in Italy, not one moment of which was lost in idleness, or given to dissipation, he went to France; examined what was most curious in the arts in that country, and in the summer of 1763 arrived in London, and greedily seized upon all the means of improvement to be found in England. It is said to have been Mr. West's intention to have returned to Pennsylvania, with the rich harvest of his travels and toils. However proud we

should have been in having such a man to reside with us, yet for himself and the arts it is certainly fortunate that he resolved to remain in London, where he found a theatre ample enough for the exercise of his talents, and able to reward them. The disposition of the young king to foster the fine arts was in happy coincidence with the resolution of Mr. West to reside in his dominions. Genius requires the warm beams of wealth and the fostering care of power; nor can wealth and power be more honourably employed than in protecting and elevating genius. The situation of this country was not at that time favourable to the encouragement of the arts; especially on such a scale as the talents of Mr. West required. Added to the natural and obvious deficiencies of a new country in this respect, where every man is pursuing some occupation to maintain and establish himself and his family, and where there is no superfluity of money and no mean of leisure, the leading characters of the country were even then becoming politicians, and preparing themselves and their countrymen for the great events which soon after followed. In the calamities and confusion of the revolution, Mr. West must have been obscured and neglected, if not overthrown and lost.

The establishment of the Royal Academy in London, and the manner in which Mr. West has presided over it for a great number of years, are known to every body. From his settlement in England to this hour, he has gone on encreasing his powers and his fame, and his last work, notwithstanding his extreme age, exceeds all his former productions. This indefatigable man, who has "no parallel in the annals of painting, if we consider the number, size, and extent of composition of his pictures in figures, and their great diversity of matter," has begun another painting for the Pennsylvania Hospital, as a substitute for that originally intended



for it, but lately, under very pressing circumstances, sold to the British Institution \*

Some of the earliest attempts of Mr. West's pencil in history, portraits, and landscape, are now in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine

Arts. His first historical piece, the "*Death of Socrates*," hangs over the President's chair. These youthful efforts, when compared with the great pictures of *King Lear* and *Ophelia*, afford excellent encouragement to the young artist to persevere.

\* Letters from Mr. Coates and Mr. Hunt, who have seen the progress of this new painting, and have heard the promises of the venerable artist, give every assurance that it will exceed the original. To their testimonies we are pleased to add the opinion of so distinguished a painter as Mr. Robertson, as contained in a letter from him, dated London, April 26, 1811.

"Mr. West's picture here is the wonder of the world. It is truly gratifying to see the enthusiasm of the venerable president eclipsing in ardour and enthusiasm the youngest enthusiast in the art. His spirits are revived and sustained by the honours he receives, and his mind is invigorated for the production of still higher excellence. He has now made considerable progress in the *second picture*; I cannot call it a *copy*; for as soon as he had drawn it in slightly, the *first* was sent to the Institution, and the *second* must, like the first, be produced from the energies and resources of his own mind."

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FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Brief Memoir of the Life of John Lowe, author of "*Mary's Dream*." By the rev. William Gillespie, minister of Kells Parish, in Galloway.

[From Cromek's "*Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*."]

AS no pathetic ballad was ever more popular in this country than '*Mary's Dream*,' it is presumed that some account of its author, (who was a native of Galloway,) will not be considered an intrusion in the present collection. The authenticity of the memoir will not be doubted, when it is known that the gentleman who communicated it is minister of the parish in which Lowe was born, and that his father was one of the poet's best friends, and most intimate correspondents. The history of the latter part of his life, which he spent abroad, Mr. Gillespie collects from notices furnished by his own correspondence, and from the communication of the rev. Mr. McConnochie (an old and early associate of Lowe's,) transmitted from Virginia, which gives the unfortunate particulars of his death.

If the public sympathize in the interest felt by the editor on perusing

this excellent memoir, their approbation will give a value to the thanks which he here expresses to the gentlemen by whom it was communicated.

John Lowe, author of the pathetic and popular ballad '*Mary's Dream*,' was born at Kenmore in Galloway, in the year 1750. His father was gardener to Mr. Gordon of Kenmore, son of that unfortunate nobleman who paid the forfeit of his life and titles for his adherence to the house of Stuart in 1715. Our poet was the eldest of a numerous family, and as the excellent institution of parish schools in Scotland affords, to the humblest of her sons, the opportunity of educating his children, so Lowe was early put to the parish school of Kells, where, under an assiduous and able teacher, he imbibed the rudiments of classical education. He discovered an early ambition of becoming a scholar, but, on leaving school,

his father's narrow circumstances did not enable him to assist his son in the further prosecution of his studies. At the age of fourteen he was bound as a weaver to a respectable and industrious tradesman of the name of Heron, father of Robert Heron, author of a History of Scotland, and of several elegant translations from the French language. He was impelled by 'dire necessity,' to follow an employment so unsuitable to his genius, for, by the earnings of his labour, he soon afterwards put himself to school under one M'Kay, then schoolmaster of the neighbouring parish of Carsphairn, an eminent teacher of the languages. He employed his evenings in teaching church music, as he possessed a very just ear, sung well, and played with considerable skill on the violin. These qualities, added to a happy temper, and an uncommon flow of animal spirits, made Lowe very acceptable wherever he went, and gained him many friends who assisted him in his education, both with their money and their advice. In these respects, he was eminently indebted to the minister of his native parish, a man as distinguished for the disinterested benevolence of his character, as for his sublime and unaffected piety, and his cheerful and amiable manner.\* By these means Lowe was enabled to enter himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh in the year 1771. For this generosity of his friends he is accused of never having afterwards been sufficiently grateful, but while he ceased not to express, in the warmest manner, his obligations to his benefactors, his malignant fortune denied him the means of cancelling them. Even in his best days, prosperity smiled upon him, rather in hope than in possession, and a dependant man, struggling with difficulties, is frequently obliged to procrastinate the day of payment, to make promises he is unable to fulfil,

and to breathe wishes he has no power to realize.—

'No post, no pelf, by servile means I sought,  
Nor e'er was rich a moment—but in thought.'

*Lowe.*

In the most juvenile letters we trace the mind of the poet alive to every change of nature, and vicissitude of the seasons. 'We have had,' (says he, in one of his earliest letters from college,) 'a long and severe storm here, but now we have a very agreeable spring, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the song of joy is already heard in our land. How sweet now to leave the noise of the busy world, and with frequent footsteps to gather health from the gale of the morning! To raise the soul to heaven with pious ardour, and hail the new-born day! To bask in the cheerful beams of the sun, the image of its great original! In short, we are like people transported in an instant, from the terrible icy shore of Zembla, where eternal tempests madden, and dreadful whirlwinds roar amid the frozen mountains,—to the banks of the Nile, where a lasting verdure clothes the fertile plains, where wintry blasts, and the storms of dark December, are never known. Pardon a comparison so bold, but I am enraptured with the agreeable change, and I dare say you will be so also.'

On his return from college, he became tutor in the family of Mr. M'Ghie, of Airds, an amiable country gentleman of small fortune, who had several beautiful daughters. The house of Airds is pleasantly situated on a rising ground embowered with trees, washed on one side by the Ken, and on the other by the Dee, which here unite in one river, under the common name of Dee, though this is but a tributary stream. It is not easy to conceive a situation more favourable to the descriptive muse;

\* The late rev. John Gillespie, minister of Kells.



and here, Lowe, who had previously given some marks of a poetical vein, gave free scope to his genius, and composed many little pieces which he frequently recited to his friends with great enthusiasm. Of these, it is to be regretted that few copies are now to be found, though there are some songs yet sung by the common people (in that district of Galloway called the Glenkens,) which still bear his name. At this period of life, when the mind delights more in description than in sentiment, in pictures of nature than in those of manners, he composed a pretty long pastoral poem, entitled 'a *Morning Poem*,' which is still preserved entire in his own hand-writing, and, though written at a time when his taste was but imperfectly formed, is the offspring of a lively imagination and of one who 'mused o'er nature with a poet's eye.'—He here, likewise, attempted to write a tragedy, the scenes of which he used to read to some of his companions, as he successively composed them; but as this, the highest effort of human genius, was at that time, and perhaps at any time, above his reach, there is no cause to regret that no part of it is now to be obtained.

He used to invoke his Muse from the top of a picturesque cliff, which rises suddenly over a thick wood on the banks of the Ken, and commands a varied, beautiful, and extensive view of the surrounding landscape. He erected for himself a rural seat on this spot, which is still called 'Lowe's seat,' and planted it round with honey-suckles, woodbines, and other wild shrubs and flowers. Here he recited aloud his poetic effusions to the invisible inhabitants of the woods and the streams, and here likewise it

was he composed the well-known ballad which makes the story of his life chiefly interesting to the public.\*

'High on a rock his favorite arbour stood,  
Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant  
wood;

Beneath its grateful shade, at ease he lay,  
And view'd the beauties of the rising day;  
Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves  
did ring

He also join'd.'

*Lowe's Morning.*

There was lost at sea, about this time, a gentleman of the name of Miller, a surgeon, who had been engaged to Mary, one of the young ladies of Airds, an event which would long since have been forgotten but for the tender song of "Mary's Dream," which has given to it immortality. It is to be presumed, that our poet was sensibly alive to the misfortunes of a young lady whose sister had inspired him also with the tenderest passion; and we regret to state that his fidelity to the object of it, though equally worthy his admiration and his Muse, was but little consistent with the warmth of his feelings, and the earnestness of his professions. But perhaps, he excused himself with the levity of Montaigne, that 'love is contrary to its own nature if it be not violent, and that violence is contrary to its own nature if it be constant.'

His views were now directed to the church, and he had spent another session at the University of Edinburgh. Seeing, however, no prospect of a living, and impatient of dependance, he resolved to try his fortune in America, where he fondly hoped his talents would be more highly appreciated, and where he indulged the pious expectation of being better able to assist his aged mother and his other relations at home, for

\* In a letter, written seven years afterwards from America, to an early friend, he says—'The beautiful banks of the river Rappahannock, where the town in which I now reside is situated, with all their luxuriance and fragrance, have never to me had charms equal to smooth Ken, or murmuring Dee.' 'Thou wood of Airds! balmy retreat of peace, innocence, harmony, and love, with what raptures do I still reflect on thee! When were you there, and does my arbour still remain, or is there now any vestige of my favorite walk?'

whom he ever expressed the warmest affection. In writing to one of his best friends, he says, 'Think not my concealing from you my design of going abroad proceeded from any diffidence of your friendship,—far otherwise.—But for fear of alarming my poor mother : I know how shocking it will be to her, but I hope to have it in my power to be of more service to her there, than I could be home.' In the same letter, (dated 13 March, 1773,) he says, 'I delivered a discourse this day in the hall with great approbation, both from my professor and fellow-students. As it was the last I shall ever perhaps deliver here, I resolved it should be as good as it was in my power to make it.'

He embarked for the new world in the same year, being invited as tutor to the family of a brother of the great Washington, a situation which supplied some hopes to his ambition. He afterwards kept an academy for the education of young gentlemen in Fredericksburg, Virginia, which succeeded for awhile, as he himself states, "beyond his most sanguine wishes, and to which students resorted from a vast distance." It suffered however some interruption by one of those winters of intense frost and deep snows which occur in America ; which, having shut up the town from any communication with the neighbouring country from which its productions were supplied, compelled him to discharge his boarders, and for some time he was not able to collect them together again. 'Often,' says he, 'have I heard Scotland called a cold place in winter, but never did I experience any thing equal to what I felt here last winter (1784). My thermometer was frequently sunk entirely into the ball, and it was with much difficulty that a fire could then be lighted even in the closest rooms. And when the ice broke

away it was the most dreadful sight I ever beheld ; houses, trees, vessels, &c. &c. all moving away together in one common plain of ice on the river Rappehannock, which is close by this town, and the property destroyed is immense beyond description.'

Sometime after this Lowe took orders in the church of England, the then *fashionable* religion of this part of the United States ; obtained a living in that church, and became eminently respectable for his talents, his learning, and his sociable and pleasant manners. He appears to have been so much elated by his good fortune that in some of his letters home he flatters his imagination with the hopes of revisiting his native country in a diplomatic capacity. These were the golden days of Lowe, but an event took place which clouded the meridian of his life, and blasted his happiness for ever.

Two years after he left the shores of Britain he addressed a poem, of considerable length, to her who was the object of his earliest affections, and who seemed still to possess the chief place in his heart.\* In this poem he thus breathes his passion—

'My busy sprite, when balmy sleep descends,  
Flies o'er the deep, and visits all her friends;  
Then, only then, I see my charming dame,  
Ah! must we only meet but in a dream!  
What hindered me when first thy fondest slave,  
My hand to give thee,—as my heart I gave!  
Wedlock itself would need no grave divine  
To fix his stamp upon such love as mine;  
A love so pure, so tender, and so strong,  
Might last for ages, could we live so long.'  
And afterwards he adds—

'Fair faces here I meet, and forms divine,  
Enough to shake all constancy but mine.'

But notwithstanding the ardour of these professions his constancy was not so much proof, as he imagined, against the temptations to which it

\* This lady was, after the death of Mr. Lowe, married to a very respectable country gentleman in her native county, and still lives.



was exposed. He became enamoured of a beautiful Virginian lady, and forgot his first love on the banks of the Ken. The young lady, however, refused to listen to his addresses, and he had even the mortification to witness the fair object of his attachment bestowed on a more fortunate and deserving lover. It is singular, that the sister of this very lady became as fondly attached to our poet, as she herself had been indifferent to him, and he allowed himself to be united to her merely, as he states 'from a sentiment of gratitude.' But every propitious planet hid its head at the hour which made them one—she proved every thing bad,—and Lowe soon saw in his wife an abandoned woman, regardless of his happiness, and unfaithful even to his bed. Overwhelmed with shame, disappointment and sorrow, he had recourse to the miserable expedient of dissipating at the bottle, the cares and chagrins that preyed upon his heart. Habits of intemperance were thus formed, which, with their wretched attendants poverty and disease, soon sapped the vigour of a good constitution, and brought him to an untimely grave in the forty-eighth year of his age.\*

A letter from Virginia, from an early acquaintance of Lowe's, gives the following particulars respecting his death—That, perceiving his end drawing near, and wishing to die in peace, away from his own wretched walls, he mounted a sorry palfrey and rode some distance to the house of a friend. So much was he debilitated that scarcely could he alight in the court and walk into the house. Afterwards, however, he revived a little, and enjoyed some hours of that vivacity which was peculiar to him. But this was but the last faint gleams of a setting sun; for, on the third day after his arrival at the house of his

friend, he breathed his last. He now lies buried near Fredericksburgh, Virginia, under the shade of two palm-trees, but not a stone is there on which to write 'Mary, weep no more for me!'

The abandoned woman, to whom he had been united, made no inquiries after her husband for more than a month afterwards, when she sent for his horse, which had been previously sold to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Such was the tragical end of the author of 'Mary's Dream,' whose domestic misfortunes 'broke a heart already bruised,' and terminated a life which was worthy of a better fate. As a poet, he unquestionably possessed that *vivida vis animi*,—that liveliness of the imagination,—that sensibility of the heart, which are the inseparable concomitants of poetical genius, or rather, which conspire to form it. The few fragments which we have of his juvenile poems, imperfect as they are, and made still more so by the inaccurate memories of those from whom they have been chiefly obtained, show a mind capable of still greater efforts, and leave us to regret that he had not cultivated his genius by more frequent exercise. Much might have been expected from an imagination corrected by maturity of judgment, a taste refined and polished by the perusal of the most finished models, made more rich and select by unremitted habits of composition. His 'Morning Poem,' written at the age of twenty-two, contains some pretty stanzas, of which the following are no unfavourable specimen:—

'Hail! to the new-born day and cheering light,  
What various beauties charm the ravish'd sight,

\* From the hasty manner in which I have been compelled to write this memoir, I have not been able to fix the precise time of his death—but, from some circumstances, I am led to place it about 1798, which makes Lowe forty-eight years old when he died.

How sweet with early steps, to view the  
 fields,  
 And taste the charms which grateful  
 Summer yields.  
 With watchful eye, to tread the flowery  
 road,  
 And follow nature up to nature's God,—  
 On Ken, whose sweet meanders glide  
 away,  
 And add new beauties to the rising day;  
 With Dee, whose murmuring music fills  
 the grove,  
 Where sportive Naiads sing their mutual  
 love;—  
 The opening flowers along their borders  
 blow,  
 And in their bosoms with fresh lustre  
 glow;  
 In every wood, the feather'd songsters  
 raise  
 Their cheerful notes, to sing their Maker's  
 praise.  
 Aloft in air, the skylark wings his way,  
 And thrills his notes in sweet melodious  
 lay:  
 The sooty blackbirds, scatter'd thro' the  
 grove,  
 Now warble forth their mellow notes of  
 love:  
 The dark-gray thrush, which in the joyful  
 Spring,  
 My slender pipe had often taught to sing,  
 On yonder twig sends forth its tuneful  
 voice,  
 Bids hills be glad, and rising woods re-  
 joice;  
 The spreading broom displays its golden  
 hue,  
 And, nodding, bends beneath the pearly  
 dew;  
 The snowy hawthorns, rising here and  
 there,  
 With grateful fragrance fill the passing  
 air;  
 Amid their boughs, within each little nest,  
 The tender passion glows from breast to  
 breast."

The poem called 'Lowe's Lines,' though very defective in the execution, and, in some of its sentiments, inconsistent both with each other and the passion which it breathes, has likewise some pathetic and beautiful lines, and manifests at once the tenderness of the lover and the imagination of the poet. His letters are well written, and evince a correct and manly understanding, and a warm and benevolent heart. But it was his evil destiny to struggle with de-

pendance, and that time was to be consumed in providing the necessary means of his subsistence, which, in happier circumstances, might have been employed in the indulgence of his genius, the cultivation of his taste, and in twining round his brow the wreath of immortality.

It may not be uninteresting to state that he was very handsome in his person. His figure was active, well proportioned, and rather above the middle size;—his hair was of an auburn hue, his eyes were blue and penetrating, his nose aquiline, and the whole expression of his countenance open and benevolent. These qualities, united to a fine voice, and lively and insinuating manners, made him a favourite of the fair sex, and he might have secured a handsome independence by marriage if he could have brooked a union in which his heart had no share. He was, however, more susceptible than constant, and one act of infidelity was, by a retributive justice, sufficiently punished by the subsequent misfortunes of his life. His faults, like those of most men of acute sensibility, sprung out of the same soil with his genius and his virtues. It was remarked of him, that he always evinced that manly independence of character, which is the offspring of a superior mind, conscious of its powers; a quality he showed even when a boy at school, by a severe beating which he gave to a gentleman's son who was older than himself, and to whom his school-fellows used to look up with deference;—and, surely, it becomes us to lean gently on those faults to which he was at last driven by that domestic infelicity which, to a delicate mind, is, of all evils, the most difficult to bear; and, while we blame his errors, we cannot forbear to sympathize with his misfortunes. In short, his character, like that of all others, was of a mixed kind, but his good qualities far outweighed his defects.

*Kells Manse, 29th June, 1810. W. G.*



Such is the valuable account of Lowe, given by Mr. Gillespie. The editor, will here shortly and what he was able himself to discover respecting the ballad of 'Mary's Dream,' among the peasantry of Galloway.

This ballad is extremely popular among them, but in a form materially different from the printed copy, long familiar to the public, which is entirely English. Their copy, if not altogether Scotch, is strongly sprinkled with it. But there is more than a mere difference of language;—it extends to the imagery and scenery of the poem. Was this ballad originally written in English by Lowe, and gradually converted by the country people into language and imagery more congenial to them? Or was Lowe himself the author of both copies; and if so, which is the original? This is a curious inquiry. Yet it is an inquiry which the editor believes can lead but to one conclusion. He himself does not entertain a doubt that the Scotch copy is the original; but as the other has also its beauties, and has been long a favourite of the public, it would be charged upon him as presumption were he to exclude from this collection a ballad of such celebrity. He is induced therefore to insert here both the copies, that the public may award to which of them the preference is due.

#### MARY'S DREAM.

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,  
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,  
And from the eastern summit shed  
Her silver light on tow'r and tree;  
When Mary laid her down to sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;  
When soft and low a voice was heard,  
Saying, Mary, weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd  
Her head to ask who there might be;  
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,  
With visage pale and hollow ee;

'O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,  
It lies beneath a stormy sea;  
Far, far from thee I sleep in death,  
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'Three stormy nights and stormy days,  
We toss'd upon the raging main;  
And long we strove our bark to save,  
But all our striving was in vain.  
E'en then, when horror chill'd my blood,  
My heart was fill'd with love for thee:  
The storm is past, and I at rest;  
So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,  
We soon shall meet upon that shore,  
Where love is free from doubt and care,  
And thou and I shall part no more!  
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadows fled.  
No more of Sandy could she see;  
But soft the passing spirit said,  
'Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!'

#### OLD WAY OF 'MARY'S DREAM.'

The lovely moon had climbed the hill  
Where eagles big\* aboon the Dee,  
And like the looks of a lovely dame,  
Brought joy to every bodies ee;  
A' but sweet Mary, deep in sleep,  
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;  
A voice drapt saftly on her ear,  
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

She lifted up her waukening een,  
To see from whence the voice might be,  
And there she saw her Sandy stand,  
Pale bending on her his hollow ee!  
'O Mary, dear, lament nae mair,  
I'm in death's thraws† below the sea;  
Thy weeping makes me sad in bliss,  
'Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'The wind slept when we left the bay,  
But soon it waked and raised the main,  
And God he bore us down the deep,  
Who strave wi' him but strave in vain!  
He stretched his arm, and took me up,  
Tho' laith I was to gang but‡ thee,  
I look frae heaven aboon the storm,  
'Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

'Take off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,  
Which thou hast faulded down for me;  
Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—  
I'll meet wi' thee in Heaven hie.  
Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,  
To mark the morning lift her ee,  
And thrice the passing spirit said,  
'Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!'

\* Build their nests.

† Thraws, throes.

‡ But, without.

FROM THE MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY.

## EXTRACTS

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A GENTLEMAN ON A VISIT TO LISBON.

(Continued from page 201.)

THERE is a French camp in the *Praça da Inquisição*, the *Praça do Commercio* as well as in all the other principal squares of Lisbon. There is also another at Belam, and the castle at that place continues still to be garrisoned by the French. French troops are also quartered in many of the convents. In the Franciscan convent, immediately opposite to my lodgings, which is of immense extent, there is a whole regiment. They are still formidable to the inhabitants, and it is only sentinels at the outposts, and unfortunate stragglers, who fall victims to the dastardly revenge of the cowardly citizens. The head quarters of Junot, the *duke of Abrantes*, are at the palace of Quintella, the great dealer in diamonds, who is called the richest merchant in Portugal. This man has proved to the French a most profitable pidgeon, and he has indeed been very handsomely plucked. The contributions levied upon his purse have been immense, but such has been his conduct that he is pitied by no one. On the arrival of the French, he gave a sumptuous entertainment to the generals and chief officers of the army, in hopes, doubtless, by this manoeuvre to ingratiate himself with the commander in chief. His guests seemed highly gratified with the civilities of their host, and surprised at such a display of opulence. The costly paintings which decorated the walls, of which many were productions of the most eminent masters of Italy, particularly attracted the notice of the *general en chef*, who is said to be a great connoisseur. So singularly had they hit his fancy, that he next morning despatched a messenger with a note to Quintella, complimenting him on the

taste he had shown in his collection, and requesting, as a favour, that the pictures might immediately be sent him by the bearer of the message. He also soon after took occasion to observe to his entertainer how much flattered he felt by his politeness, and how happy he was to see the affection he had manifested to the person of his master, the great Napoleon, observing at the same time, that as he had seen no house in Lisbon which he liked so well, he intended in future to confer on him the honour of residing in it himself. Quintella has accordingly ever since had the pleasure of maintaining the general and all his staff. He has been obliged to defray all the expenses of his household, and to supply all the splendid entertainments which have been given. The retinue of Junot that is quartered in the house, have drunk upwards of eighty pipes of wine belonging to their host. The French general also conceived for the wife of a Portuguese nobleman, an affection equally ardent as that which was excited by the palace of Quintella. His *frenchant*, however, in this instance, was gratified with infinitely less reluctance than in the former. He does not appear disposed, after the proof he has given of his acquiescence, to trust himself among his countrymen by remaining behind, but he is to go in the same frigate to France which is destined to convey the general and his *cara sposa*. The conduct of the French commander in other instances has not apparently been marked by any particular cruelty or severity. Only one execution has taken place under his government. The contributions he has levied on the convents and churches have certainly been very heavy,



and immense treasures have been reaped from them. The gems, jewels, and precious stones, that glittered in such profusion, have all been rifled. The huge statues of massy silver, the golden and silver candlesticks, the ornaments of the altars, together with all the paraphernalia of superstition, have been laid hands on, melted down and coined. I saw piled up in the house of a merchant, bars of gold of immense value, which were part of the recovered plunder of the French: but the part which can or will be recovered is very small indeed. The Portuguese murmur greatly at the vast quantities of spoil which are every day embarking. This is not surprising, when they see loads borne continually by soldiers to the quays, who appear to totter under the weight of their burdens, and when they remember that the enemy came naked into the country. Articles the most bulky are carried off under the pretext of being baggage of the officers. Vast quantities of gold and silver have been coined by them since the invasion, which the Portuguese were obliged to receive at the nominal value; but these coins have since the convention of the Cintra depreciated greatly. The frigate which is appointed to convey Junot to France is so blocked up by what he takes away, that the officers of the ship complain of wanting room. He carries with him no less than twelve carriages of English manufacture. In the knapsacks of many of the private soldiers who were slain at Vimeira, gold and silver were found to the amount of two or three hundred pounds sterling. Had the plunder of Junot been confined solely to convents and churches; had he done nothing but "shake the bags of hoarding abbots," it would have been of small consequence to the public at large; but the contributions levied on opulent individuals were exceedingly oppressive, and in many instances, nearly ruinous. No class of the community were exempted from these exactions. Even the frail fair ones were taxed, and obliged

to take out licences to exercise their profession. The inhabitants accuse the French of violating the articles of the convention, by taking away such quantities of treasure. The Portuguese commander has even entered a protest against the proceedings of the English generals: objecting in very arrogant and harsh terms against every article of that treaty. One would even suppose, from the violent manner in which he thus puts in his veto, that he had actually had some concern himself in the battle of Vimeira. Indeed I understand he does claim the whole victory of that day, and his countrymen seem perfectly convinced of his title to it. It is this man whose conduct was so deservedly and severely reprehended in the despatches of the English general, as base and cowardly. He was repeatedly urged during the action to advance with his troops, but thinking with Falstaff, that *the better part of valour was discretion*, this prudent commander wisely thought proper to remain neuter until the fate of the day should be decided. He therefore kept a cautious distance as long as there was any doubt who would be victorious, and when this doubt was removed, like a skilful officer he brought in his gallant troops to share the glories of the battle. The most unpopular of the three French generals is Loison. If the stories related of his conduct be true they are disgraceful to him, not only as a soldier but as a man. At *Leyria*, in particular, his cruelties are said to have been excessive. The treatment which the unfortunate nuns at that place are said to have received from the soldiers under his command is such as would be too horrible to describe. It is only to be hoped, for the honour of human nature, that they are somewhat exaggerated. The people do not appear to entertain so much dislike of Junot as I imagined. My friend, Mr. T——, has dined several times in his company, at the tables of General Beresford and Sir Arthur Wellesley. On all occasions he expresses the most sovereign contempt

for the people of this country, which sentiment he is at no pains to conceal from his own adherents. He speaks in high terms of admiration of the discipline, courage, and appearance of the British troops, and observed that the French and English were the only two nations worthy to contend with each other. Junot is very partial to the English mode of living. Like them he is fond of dining at late hours, and of sitting long over his bottle. His appearance is martial, though not handsome. He is said to be a favorite general of Buonaparte, of whom the following circumstance, relative to the origin of Junot's promotion, is related. Having occasion during an engagement to send a despatch, and being unattended at the moment by any of his staff, he hastily demanded of some soldiers near him, if there was one among them that could write. One of them answered that he could, and instantly stepped from the ranks. Buonaparte accordingly dictated to him a letter which was written on a drum head. Just as he had finished a ball struck the ground at his feet and covered him with dust, on which he coolly remarked that "it was a fortunate accident, as he wanted some sand." This *sang froid* so pleased the general that he promoted him on the spot.

Yesterday I saw the whole French army paraded. It was a most magnificent and imposing spectacle. The number on the field amounted to nearly twenty thousand. They were composed of full grown muscular veterans, though the countenances of many indicated extreme youth. Their appearance, especially that of the cavalry, was in the most eminent degree ferocious and martial. Their accoutrements differ essentially from those of the British troops. The heavy dragoons, or cuirassiers, wear helmets of brass, and breast-plates resembling the antient coats of mail, which they differ from only by being much thicker, and musket proof. These equipments are excessively

burthensome, and when once dismounted, they are rendered helpless, but in a charge their shock is dreadful. I also recently witnessed another very interesting sight. Four thousand Spanish troops who had been prisoners to the French, where assembled to receive arms presented them by the English, previous to their embarkation for Catalonia.

I have been several times to the Italian Opera, or *Teatro de San Carlos* since I arrived in Lisbon. This is the only amusement worth attending in the city. It is a very elegant theatre. The exterior, which is of Dorick architecture, is exceedingly handsome. Within it is fitted up in a style similar to the Opera House in London. The centre box, which was the royal seat, since the entrance of the French has been taken possession of by Junot, as the representative of his master, and decorated accordingly with the tricoloured flag. Before it a curtain is now very appropriately suspended. I was present at the first opera that was acted subsequent to the new order of things, when the united flags of Great Britain, Portugal, and Spain, were put up in the place of the French standard. This was received most loyally by the brave Portuguese who huzzaed and shouted very magnanimously. Their own flag being modestly stuck in the centre above the others. The orchestra is very excellent, and the vocal performers are said to be among the first in Europe. Catalani sung in this theatre for some years. It was at Lisbon that she married her blackguard husband, who was then a subaltern in the French service, and from hence she first visited London. The performances are twice a-week, of which Sunday is the most fashionable night: and the opera as well as all the other theatres are much more brilliantly attended than on any other night in the week. The opera is about to be shut for want of encouragement. Young Vestris, and Angiolini, who are the principal dancers, are going to England.



Owing to the distresses of the times, this place of amusement, which is more expensive than the other theatres, is not well supported. Junot, while in power, contrived to effect a pretty general attendance. Finding that the house was but little frequented, and not being pleased when he was present to see the boxes empty, he caused cards to be issued to the different families of gentry and nobility, requesting he might be favoured on such a night with their company at the opera. The hint was immediately taken, and very few thought proper to neglect the invitation; as they not only felt pretty well assured that such a mark of disaffection would be remembered on the next contribution, but whether they attended or not they were under the necessity of paying for their places. There are one or two other theatres for the performance of Portuguese plays, of which the only one that is tolerably decent is called *Teatro do Salitre*. This is a very shabby edifice compared to the opera house. It is ill constructed, very narrow, and inconvenient. Being cheaper and more agreeable to the taste of the people, it is usually well attended. Nothing can be more wretched than their plays, tragedies especially; and as for the *tragedians of the city*, they are infinitely worse. I was present the other evening at the representation of a tragedy taken from the affecting history of Don Pedro and Ines do Castro. The story of these unfortunate lovers—

“em cuja sorte

“Formon duo anagrama, o amore, a morte”

is well known, and has, I believe, furnished a ground-work to as many plays and poems in various languages, as any circumstance on record. Whether the tale is told in the simple words of the historian, or embellished by the melting touches, the exquisite poetry, and the glowing language of the *Lusiad*, it takes strong hold of the feelings, but as it was represented by these *hempen homespuns* it afforded

very tragical mirth. The performance was nearly on a par with the tedious brief scene of Pyramus and Thisbe, as enacted by the company of Messieurs Bottom and Quince. The part of Don Pedro, the hero of the play, was performed by the ugliest hound my eyes ever beheld. His features seemed fitted for no other stage than that under the management of Mr. Jack Ketch, and even this *line* of acting his appearance would disgrace. His dress was quite in character, nothing could be more appropriate. He wore a pair of Hessian boots, which had not, to judge by their colour, undergone the operation of brushing for the last half year, though to make amends for this defect, which was perhaps only a minute attention to stage propriety, and intended to mark the perturbed state of the lover's mind they were very prettily bedizened with gold tassels. The rest of his apparel consisted of a black satin indispensable, a striped waistcoat, and snuff-coloured coat. I did not see a clean face among the whole company. The curtain which was let down between the acts was not so well painted as I have seen in a Welch barn. After the tragedy followed a most execrable pantomimic farce, full of the grossest indecencies. In this the audience seemed to take great delight. Between the acts, when the musicians retired they blew the candles out, which being of tallow, perfumed the atmosphere very agreeably. This shows that they are good economists. Low as the situation of the stage is, it has undergone in one respect an improvement. Only four or five years ago women were not permitted to appear on it. Their parts were supplied by men dressed in female apparel. A huge hulking fellow, with broad shoulders and a black beard, was then the only representative of an Ines, or a Juliet. How exquisitely tender must this have been. The prohibition is said to have proceeded from the Queen's scrupulous regard to the morals of her subjects. Evil minded per-

sons did insinuate that jealousy was the cause, her majesty not being over-beautiful herself. I do not know what the poor woman would think were she to witness the exhibitions as they are conducted at present. The indecency of the female dancers, cannot, I imagine, be exceeded any where. Some of them are the handsomest women I have seen in Lisbon but they o'erstep modesty rather too far even to be pleasing to one who is not remarkably fastidious. The gestures and appearances of the London operadancers are of a quaker-like modesty compared to the voluptuous contortions of the Portuguese *figurantes*. The theatres here have a dismal aspect to one who is accustomed to the brilliancy of those in London. Most of the boxes are so dark that it is impossible at a little distance to distinguish the faces of the company in them. The nobility and higher class of citizens have boxes retained by the season. Seats also in the pit are frequently let out in the same manner. They are divided like great armed chairs, the seats of which are folded to their backs, and fastened with a lock. The proprietors carry the keys with them. On going into the pit the door keeper unlocks the seat for you. No women sit in this part of the house. There is one peculiarity in the theatres here which does not fail to impress a stranger very forcibly at first sight: that is the situation of the prompter, than which nothing can be more awkward, or take away more from the delusion of the scene. His head is stuck up through a hole or trap door in the center of the stage, before a little tin screen, put there I suppose with a design to conceal him from the audience, the shape of which is very like a sausage-pan. Instead however of its answering this purpose he seems, with a laudable ambition desirous of making himself as conspicuous as possible. He is placed so far above the said sausage-pan, that not only his head but the larger half of his body is visible. He is moreover

kind enough to read the whole play in a tone of voice considerably louder than the actors. When I was last there, one of the performers who did not think proper to observe the precept of Hamlet, *let those that play the clowns speak no more than is set down for them*, and being, as I suppose, somewhat of a wag withal, ventured to put in a little of his own. This breach of privilege so enraged the prompter that he doubled his fist at the offending wight, abused him aloud, and shook the book in his face. Returning from the play at night is very disagreeable, for the reasons before mentioned. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the navigation of the channel which runs between the dung-hills and shoals, and you must also know your way. At this time you likewise stand in danger of getting cold iron in your belly, to which Strap, himself could not have had a stronger aversion than I have. There are no lamps lighted in the city, and the tapers which are put by the pious before the images of saints appear at vast intervals faintly glimmering like stars in a cloudy night. In the midst of this darkness there are numerous assignations among the lower classes of people. When a carriage approaches with a lanthorn, these lovers cry out, *turn the lanthorn*; but if a foot passenger comes near a couple who have any particular motive for not wishing to be seen, which is very frequently the case, with a lamp or flambeau before him, they give no such warning, but pelt him until he is obliged to extinguish the light.

October 1.

Lisbon still exhibits every where melancholy monuments of the ever memorable earthquake of 1755. Wherever you turn your eyes you can discover traces of the desolation and ruin occasioned by that fatal event. Broken arches and fallen columns lie on all sides as they were left at the period of this dreadful calamity, the remembrance of which is yet appalling to the old inhabitants. They now



startle at every shock. It is the epoch from which they date modern events. They are constantly relating the dreadful scenes with which it was attended. I am acquainted with an old lady who remembers it as if it were an event of yesterday. It forms the topick on which she is most fond of discoursing. She seems pleased to dwell with the minute garrulity of age on the horrors of the day, and to tell tales of the heart-rending scenes which ensued. What must have been the feelings of those who survived, to witness these scenes. Their situation, I think, could have been less enviable than that of the unfortunate victims who perished. To them how desolate must have appeared their native city!

—“rude fragments now  
Lie scatter'd where the shapely columns  
stood.

Her palaces are dust. In all her streets  
The voice of singing, and the spritely  
chord

Are silent. Revelry, and dance, and show,  
Suffer a syncope, and solemn pause;  
While God performs upon the trembling  
stage,

Of his own works, his dreadful part alone.  
How does the earth receive him?

She quakes at his approach.

The rocks fall headlong, and the vallies  
rise,

The rivers die into offensive pools,  
And, charg'd with putrid verdure, breathe  
a gross

And mortal nuisance into all the air.

What solid was by transformation strange,  
Grows fluid; and the flat and rooted earth,  
Tormented into billows, heaves and swells,  
Or with vortiginous and hideous whirl  
Sucks down its prey insatiable. Immense  
The tumult and the overthrow, the pangs  
And agonies of human, and of brute  
Multitudes, fugitive on every side,  
And fugitive in vain. Where now the  
throng

That press'd the beach, and hasty to de-  
part,

Look'd to the sea for safety? They are gone,  
Gone with the refluent wave into the  
deep—

A prince with half his people! Ancient tow-  
ers,

And roofs embattled high, the gloomy  
scenes

Where beauty oft, and letter'd worth con-  
sume

Life in the unproductive shades of death,

VOL. VI.

nn

Fall prone: the pale inhabitants come  
forth,

And, happy in their unforeseen release  
From all the rigours of restraint, enjoy  
The terrors of the day that sets them free.”

It is impossible correctly to ascertain the number of people who perished by this tremendous and awful visitation. The accounts given differ greatly: but by the estimate which is deemed most accurate, no less than thirty thousand souls were swallowed up. Since this period shocks have been frequent, but none has been attended with any very serious consequences. It is supposed that the mode which has been adopted in the erection of modern houses, enables them much more effectually to resist the force of a concussion than the former manner in which it was usual to construct them. They are now built with a frame or skeleton of wood, the interstices of which are filled up with brick or stone, so that they will rock for some time without falling to pieces. There are two kinds of earthquakes, one is the undulatory motion, and the other the perpendicular. The former happens most frequently, but the latter is much the most dangerous. The undulatory shake is very often slight. Its sound is said to resemble the rumbling of a cart through an archway, or the noise of a horse galloping over the ground:

“Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quantitas  
ungula campum.”

They only happen in winter, between the months of October and April. It is generally remarked that they accompany the first rains that follow a great drought, or that they occur when the weather is sultry. The severest shock which has been felt since the great earthquake, took place no longer ago than last November, and had it lasted but a few more seconds, it probably would have proved nearly as calamitous. My landlady says that the alarm was dreadful. To heighten the horror of the scene, it happened while the enemy was at their gates, and the moment that their

prince was leaving them. The people ran into the streets like lunatics, crying out *Misericordia*. The monks in the convent opposite lugged out St. Antonio, their never-failing friend on all emergencies. A Frenchman who lives next door, ran to the stable to saddle his horse and *ride off*. It was remarked by a priest to Pombal, that the destruction of the theatres in 1755 was an evident manifestation of the finger of God. "To what cause then," replied the Minister, "do you attribute such a signal preservation of all the streets most noted for brothels?"

For several years after the earthquake a stupor seemed to have ensued. The inhabitants were unwilling either to build, or to reside in that part of the city where its shocking effects were most evident. The spot which chiefly suffered was the valley where the royal palace was situated. This was entirely swallowed up, and remained for many years in a state of desolation until at length the new town was begun. From these ruins some very elegant streets have arisen, and it may be said that the misfortune, great as it was, has been productive of much good.

(To be continued.)

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FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

#### OF THE MANNER OF SPORTING, BY THE ENGLISH, IN BENGAL.

FEW parties of pleasure can be more agreeable, than those for hunting, formed by ladies and gentlemen in Bengal; particularly at some distance from the presidency of Fort William, where the country is pleasanter, and game of every kind in greater plenty. Any time, between the beginning of November and the end of February, is taken for these excursions; during which season, the climate is delightfully temperate, the air perfectly serene, and the sky often without a cloud.

To transport the tents, and other requisites, for the accommodation of the company, to some verdant spot, near to a wood and rivulet, previously selected, elephants are borrowed, and camels, small country carts, oxen, and bearers, hired at no considerable expense; the price of all kinds of grain, and wages of course, being exceedingly reasonable. Nor does the commanding officer of the troops, within the district, often refuse a guard of Sepoys to protect them from the danger of wild beasts, (for they generally resort to the haunts of game) or the depredations of still wilder banditti, now and then pervading the country.

The larger tents are pitched in a

square, or circle, while those for the guard and servants usually occupy the outer space. Every marquee for a lady is divided into two or three apartments, for the campbed, her closet, and her dressing room—is carpeted or matted; and is covered with a spreading fly, for defence against rain, or exclusion of casual heat; the air ventilating powerfully between the vacuity (about two feet) of the tent and its canopy, in unremitted undulation. The doors or curtains of the marquee, wattled with a sweet-scented grass, are, if the weather chance to become sultry, continually sprinkled with water from the outside; and a chintz wall, stained in handsome figured compartments, encompasses the whole.

For the supply of common food, if no village be very near, petty chandler-shops enough are engaged by the family Banians (house stewards) to accompany them, glad to profit of such an opportunity of gain.—Liquors and every species of European necessary, are provided by the party themselves.

Palanquins and horses are employed for conveyance of the gentlemen, and the ladies, with their female attendants; and, where the roads will admit



of it, close and open English carriages also.

Part of the morning sports of the men, commencing at dawn of day, consist in rousing and chasing the wild boar, the wolf, the antelope, the roebuck, the musk and other deer, hares, foxes, and jackals. Besides the common red, the spotted, and the small mouse, there are ten or twelve sorts of hog, or short-bristled deer. Boars are usually found amongst the uncultivated tracts, or the regular plantations of sugar canes, which give to their flesh the finest flavour imaginable. Wolves and jackals are seen prowling and lurking at break of day, about the skirts of towns and villages, or retiring from thence to their holes within woods, or within pits, hollows, or ravines on the downs. Fields of grain, particularly of mustard seed, are the harbours of foxes. Hares shelter in the same situations as in England. Hog, roe-buck, and musk deer, conceal themselves amongst the herbage; and the antelope and large deer rove on the plains. All these animals, however, resort not rarely to the jungles, or very high thick and uncultivated grass, with which the levels of Indostan abound, either to graze, to browse, or in pursuit of prey.

Or the gentlemen divert themselves with shooting the same animals; as also, partridge, quail, plover, wild cocks and hens, peacocks, and florikens, together with water hens, braminny geese, cranes, wild-geese and ducks, teal, widgeon, snipes, and other aquatic fowl, in infinite abundance: Many of them are of extraordinary shape, of glowing, variegated plumage, and of unknown species; whose numbers, when alarmed, and flushed from the lakes, like a cloud absolutely obscure the light, as much as they

cover the surface of the water while they swim.

The foxes are very small, slenderly limbed, delicately furred, and by no means rank in smell, feeding principally upon grain, vegetables, and fruit\*. They are exceedingly fleet and flexible, and when running, wind in successive evolutions to escape their pursuers.

Jackals are rather larger than English foxes, but of a brown colour, and not so pointed about the nose. In nature they partake more of the wolf, than of the dog or fox. Their real Asiatic name is *shugaul*, perverted by English seamen, trading to the Levant (where they are in plenty, on the coast of Syria, and Asia-minor) into Jackal.

Of partridge there are several kinds, one something like grouse, only more motley feathered.

Plover, too, are various, and when the weather becomes warm, ortolans traverse the heaths and commons in immense flocks.

There are no pheasants in the woods of Bengal or Bahar, nearer than the confines of Assam, Chittagou, and the range of mountains separating Indostan from Thibet and Napaul. But there, particularly about the Morung and Betiah, they are large and beautiful, more especially the golden or burnished, the spotted, and the azure, as well as brown Argus pheasant.

As for peacocks, they are every where in multitudes, and of two or three species. One tract in Orissah is denominated *more-bunje*, or the *peacock district*.

Cranes are of three or four sorts, and all of cærulean gray. The very lofty one, with a pink head, is called *sarus*; the smallest called *curcarrah*, uncom-

\* A minor critic, on perusal of Æsop's, or rather Pilpay's fables, ridiculed the idea of foxes feeding upon grapes; but had he consulted any Asiatic Natural History, he would have learnt, that they subsist upon *grain, pulse, and fruit* (particularly grapes, and pine-apples when within their range,) much more than upon flesh or fowl. Or had he turned to the Bible, he would have there found the following passage in confirmation of it. "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, *that spoil the vines*, for our *vines have tender grapes*."—Solomon's Song, ch. 2d, ver. 15.

monly beautiful and elegant, whose snow-white tuft, behind its crimson eyes, is the appropriate ornament for the turban of the Emperor alone; and the middle sized one, with a black head, the common *grus*. They return to the northern mountains about the autumnal equinox, after the cessation of the periodical rains, with their young, in innumerable flights; (frequent as the wood pigeons in North America); and sometimes when the wind is very violent, flocks of them mount to a vast height in the air, and there wind about, in regular circles, seemingly with much delight, and venting all the time a harsh discordant scream, heard at a considerable distance.

In the wilds of Indostan, certainly originated the common domestic fowl, for there they are discovered in almost every forest.—They are all bantams, but without feathers on their legs. The cocks are in colour, all alike, what sportsmen call *ginger-red*. They have a fine tufted cluster of white downy feathers upon their rumps, are wonderfully stately in their gait, and fight like furies. The hens are invariably brown. It is extremely pleasant, in travelling through the woods, early in a morning, to hear them crowing, and to perceive the hens and chickens skulking and scudding between the bushes. For food they are neither so palatable nor tender as the tame fowl.

Florikens are among the *non descripta*, I believe, in ornithology. Feeding in natural pastures, lying between marshy soils and the uplands, its flesh partakes in colour and relish both of the wild duck and of the pheasant, and is of the most juicy, delicious flavour conceivable. You read of them in descriptions of ancient festivals of the Nevilles, Percys, Mortimers, Beauchamps, Montacutes, De Courceys, Mohuns, Courtenays, and Mowbrays, under the name, I believe, of *Flanderkins*; but whether they were the natives of England, I am uncertain.

In no part of South Asia did I ever hear of woodcocks, but, among the breed of snipes, there is one called the *painted snipe*, larger than ordinary, and well compensates for the want of the former.

Fishing, both with lines and a diversity of nets, is the employment of other sets; or hawking herons, cranes, storks, and hares, with the falcon; and partridge and lesser birds, with the sparrow and smaller hawks.

Ladies now and then attend the early field. If it be to view the hawking, they mount upon the small gentlest (for they are all gentle) female elephants, surmounted with arch-canopied and curtained seats; otherwise they ride on horseback; more frequently, however, in palanquins; under which, as well as under the elephants and horses, the birds, (particularly the white storks) when pounced at by the hawks, and the little foxes when hard pressed by the dogs, often fly for shelter and protection. In general, however, the ladies do not rise be times, nor stir abroad till the hour of airing.

The weapons in use on these expeditions, are fowling pieces, horse pistols, light lances or pikes, and heavy spears or javelins; and every person has, besides, a servant armed with a cimeter or sabre, and a rifle, with a bayonet, carrying a two-ounce ball, in the event of meeting with tigers, hyenas, bears, or wild buffalos. Some of the ladies, like Thalestris or Hippolita, quite in the Diana style, carry light bows and quivers, to amuse themselves with the lesser game.

The dogs are pointers, spaniels, Persian and European grayhounds, and strong ferocious lurchers. Near Calcutta, a few gentlemen keep English hounds, but their scent quickly fades and they soon degenerate.

But the liveliest sport is exhibited, when all the horsemen, elephants, servants, guards, and hired villagers, are assembled, and arranged in one even row, with small white flags, (as being seen farthest) hoisted pretty



high, at certain distances, in order to prevent one part of the rank from advancing before the rest. Proceeding in this manner, in a regular and progressive course, this line sweeps the surface like a net, and impels before it all the game within its compass and extent. When the jungle or coppice chances to open upon a plain, it is a most exhilarating sight, to behold the quantity and variety of animals issuing at once from their covert. Some are driven out reluctantly, others force their way back, and escape. During this scene of rout and dispersion, prodigious havoc is made by the fowlers, falconers, and huntsmen; whilst the country people and children, with sticks and staves, either catch or demolish the fawns, leverets, wild pigs, and other young animals.

Instances occasionally occur, when the natives of the vicinage collectively petition the gentlemen to destroy a tiger, that has infested the district to the annoyance and devastation of flocks, herds, and shepherds, and perpetual alarm of the poor cottagers themselves. Although an arduous and perilous adventure, and what the gentlemen all profess, in their cooler moments, to reprobate and decline: yet, when in the field, they generally comply with the solicitation, and undertake the exploit. Their instant animation, not unattended with emotions of benevolence and compassion, presently supersede every dictate of prudence, and spite of their predetermination, they proceed to the assault; the villagers all the while standing aloof. If conducted deliberately, with circumspection, and with the aid of the Sepoys, they soon accomplish their purpose, and bring in the most dreadful and formidable of all tremendous beasts, amidst the homage and acclamations of the delightful peasantry. But should they lose their presence of mind, prolong or precipitate the conflict, act with incaution, or attack the exasperated, infuriated savage with tumult and confusion, the event is often fatal, by his seizing, lacerating, and crushing every creature within

his reach; nor ceasing to rend, tear, claw, and wound, to the very moment of his destruction, or his flight.

Sometimes do they entreat the gentlemen to rid them of wild buffalos (the largest of all known animals, the elephant excepted) that have laid waste their cultivation; and, at others, to clear their vast tanks, or small neighbouring lakes of alligators, which devour their fish, or do mischief on shore. So much hazard is not incurred, however, by achievements of this sort; for though the hides of those creatures resist a ball from a firelock, at common musket distance, they are by no means impenetrable to shot from a rifle, or other pieces with a chamber, or of a wider calibre.

A drum, with a banner displayed from the hall-tent, give the signal for meals.

Breakfast is a most delightful repast. The sportsmen return keen, fresh, ruddy, and hungry as devils incarnate; and the appearance of the ladies in simple loose attire—the elegant dishabille of clearest muslin with plain floating ribbons, and dishevelled tresses, captivate to fascination. Nor is the palate less gratified: English, French, Italian, and Dutch viands, all combine to provoke it by a profusion of cold victuals, salted and dried meats and fish, hams, tongues, sausages, hung-beef, sallads, chocolate, coffee, tea, preserves, fruit and eggs, rendered still more grateful and poignant, by the most spritely cheerfulness, and aurorical gayety.

After breakfast, conveyances of different sorts are prepared for an airing, (but not merely for the sake of an airing only) but to view some natural or artificial curiosity or manufacture, some noted town, distinguished mosque, celebrated pagoda, renowned dirgah, or venerable mausoleum; some consecrated grove, the sequestered residence of Fakirs (dervishes) or some extensive perspective, from the summit of a rugged mountain, impending over an expanse of water, bordering a level lawn, whose verdure is vaulted only, not conceal-

ed, by a diffused assemblage of state-ly columniated palms, of four different species, tufted and foliated only in graceful inclinations at their capitals, all equally ornamental, the date, the cocoa-nut, the beetel, and the palmyra.

Between the airing and an early dinner, the hours are regularly disposed, as chance may dictate, or caprice suggest. Some play at cricket, swim, fence, run a match of horses, or shoot at a mark: whilst others direct the mountaineers and woodmen (who rove about in bands for this express purpose) where to inveigle, entangle, or kill beasts, birds, fish, and snakes; for which they are furnished with a variety of implements; such as match locks, tiger bows, spears, darts in grooves, balls in tubes, pellet-bows, limed rods, fascinating allurements (such as painted and spotted screens, flutes, and tambourines) bells, nets, and torches, artificial ducks, and decoy birds, with traps, gins, springs, snares, and other stratagems and inventions of wonderful enchantment, ingenuity, mechanism, and contrivance.\*

The ladies, as they are inclined, either read, walk, swing, exercise themselves in archery in the groves, or they sing and play in their tents. Others, whilst at work, are read to: of all amusements, perhaps the most delectable.

At the end of a convivial dinner,

every soul, provided the weather prove sultry, or they find themselves fatigued, retires to repose.

On rising from the *siesta*, (of all listless indulgences the most soothing, comfortable, and refreshing) carriages are again in readiness, or light boats, where a stream or lake are near, to give the company the evening's respiration of genuine zephyrs (which the inhabitants of colder regions taste only in poetical description) breathing health, as well as recreation.

The twilight being short under the tropics, the day of course shuts in presently after sunset, when cards and dice become part of the evening's entertainment. Chess, backgammon, whist, picquet, tredrille, and loo, are the favourite games. These, with domestic sports, together with the sleights of jugglers, and feats of tumblers (in which performances the Hindoos are expert adepts) and dances of the natives, while away the time, and beguile it, not unpleasantly to the hour of supper (the principal meal) when a collation, enlivened by every elevation of spirit that can conduce to promote good humour, and festive hilarity, terminates the day.

These parties generally continue, with some variation in the amusements, fifteen or twenty days, and the dissolution of them is as generally lamented with heartfelt regret by the individuals who compose them.

\* Several instances of fascination of animals, I have myself been witness to in Bengal. Three or four times where a line of troops were marching in a long uninterrupted series, past a herd of deer, I observed, that when their attention was taken off from grazing, by the humming, murmuring noise proceeding from the troops, they, at first, and for a while stood staring and aghast, as if attracted by the successive progression of the files, all clothed in red. At length, however, the leading stag, "*vir gregis ipse*" striking the ground, snorted, and immediately rushed forward across the ranks, followed by the whole collection, to the utter surprise and confusion of the soldiery: thus running into the very danger one naturally supposes they must have, at first, been anxious to avoid. They who were apprized, by the sound, of their approach, stopped and made way for them. Over the heads of others, who were heedless and inattentive, they bounded with wonderful agility, and fled over the plain. At another time driving along the road in my phaeton, and pretty fast, I perceived a young heifer running after the carriage, with her eyes intently fixed on one of the hind wheels; by the whirling of which the animal seemed completely struck and affected. Thus pursuing her object, for about a quarter of a mile, she, by a sudden impulse, rapidly darted forward towards the wheel, which striking her nose, the attention of the creature became interrupted by the violence of the friction, and was of course withdrawn: she then immediately stood stock still, and presently after turned about slowly and made off.



FROM THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE RHINOCEROS.

THE natural history of the rhinoceros is perhaps less understood than that of any other Asiatic quadruped. With its anatomy we have long been sufficiently acquainted; but in regard to its habits, its powers, and many other very interesting points, nothing authentic has hitherto been published. Even now, indeed, we are compelled to rely much on the report of those residing in situations frequented by the rhinoceros, for most of the particulars exhibited, the impenetrable jungles in which this animal mostly resides, the unparalleled ferocity of his disposition, his almost invulnerable coat of mail, and the rapidity of his motions, which not only are quicker than those of the elephant, but are accompanied with a vacacity, such as a cursory view of the animal would by no means suggest, all oppose the most formidable obstacles to an intimate acquaintance with him in his wild state.

It is very rarely that the rhinoceros has been found equal to six feet in height; he is ordinarily not more than four and a half, or five. His head is long and clumsy, the eyes small, the ears somewhat resembling those of a calf, or of a deer, and on his nose he bears a horn of from three to four inches long, of a blunt conical form, rather curving towards his forehead. This appears to be his sole weapon. He is a granivorous animal, and has teeth similar to those of horned cattle. His legs much resemble those of an uncommonly stout ox, with which animal his form in general corresponds. His tail is short, and armed with a scanty portion of strong short bristles, rather inclined, like the tails of elephants and wild hogs, to range laterally, but not very conspicuously so. His body is secured from injury by the extreme density of his skin, which in many places is near an inch thick, hanging over him in large wrin-

kles, the one overlapping the other down to his knees, where they appear to discontinue, or to assume a more even appearance, not unlike the scales on the legs of poultry. His whole surface, except the tail is free from hairs.

The rhinoceros is the inveterate enemy of elephants, attacking whenever he can find them single, or at least not protected by a male of great bulk; ripping without mercy, and confiding in his coat of mail to defend him from the puny attacks of the females, as well as to resist the teeth of young males. The apparent bluntness of his horn, which is about as broad at the base as it is high, would appear to render it but an insignificant weapon, and inadequate to penetrate any hard or tough substance. An instance, which I shall quote in this chapter, will however give a competent idea how formidable its powers are, and remove every doubt as to the probability of a rhinoceros being able to cope with elephants. The rhinoceros, as well as the camel, is retromingent, and, like that animal, not only smells extremely rank, but its urine is highly offensive and corrosive. This might perhaps be of no moment, had not the rhinoceros a filthy trick of discharging his water suddenly at such as are behind him, causing great pain and inflammation to the unfortunate by-stander. The lizard and spider are equally obnoxious on this account; especially the former, which may be seen daily in great numbers on the walls and ceilings of the best houses in India; whence they often sprinkle persons below. If the part on which the urine falls be not immediately washed, a blister will soon rise, followed by an excoriation extremely difficult to heal. Camels should be removed as fast as possible from the spot to which they bring a tent to be pitched, else they will stale soon after

being relieved from their burthens, and render the place so obnoxious as to preclude the possibility of occupying it.

The rhinoceros is seldom to be found on the western side of the Ganges, though the jungles there are fully competent to afford abundant shelter; nor indeed has an elephant ever been seen in its wild state but to the eastward, and far distant from the banks of that noble river. It should seem that those animals are partial to the immense tracts of the *surput*, or tassel grass, which skirt the vast jungles bordering our possessions on that side, and which being composed of lofty forests of *saul* and *sissoo* trees, filled up with various sorts of underwood, offer an asylum to the ferine species, such as cannot be equalled in any part of Europe, and can be compared only with the prodigious wildernesses of the American interior.

It may serve as a proof how remarkably careful the rhinoceros must be of its young, when it is understood that very few have ever been taken alive. The natives have an opinion, that when wounded, they destroy them; but I never could obtain any satisfactory information on this head; it may, no doubt, be classed among the million of absurdities with which a person, recording all the nonsense current among an ignorant and superstitious race, might swell many an ample volume! Certainly few are seen in the possession of gentlemen; which may be owing to the little pains taken to obtain that which, when obtained, would prove a troublesome and dangerous acquisition. I do not recollect more than three, viz. one with the late worthy collector of *Bhaugulpore*, Mr. Cleaveland, which I believe did not live long; another with Mr. Matthew Day, of *Dacca*; and the third with Mr. Young, of *Patna*. The last used occasionally to walk about the streets, and was for a long time considered perfectly innocent; but, if my information be correct, was latterly found to be vitious,

and was in consequence destroyed. Mr. Day's rhinoceros, which was by far the largest of them all, was kept in a park, into which it was not very safe to venture. What became of it I do not know, but conclude his fate to have been long since decided by his growing vice.

The skin of the rhinoceros is much valued, and often sells for a great price. It is in estimation according to its thickness, and to its clearness when freed from the fleshly membranes within; as also in proportion to the polish it will take. That from the shoulder, is more prized; a shield made of it will resist a leaden bullet, which, for the most part, flattens on it as when fired against a stone. An iron ball, however, from a smart piece, will generally penetrate, and such is invariably used by those who make a livelihood by selling the skin and tallow of this animal; the latter being considered by the natives as infallible in removing swellings and stiffness from the joints. We find, that in our enlightened portion of the globe, innumerable articles are sold as genuine, supposed to be imported from distant soils, but which are not adequate to the production of a tenth part of our own expenditure; if such be the case amid the thousands who possess a knowledge of chymistry and of commerce, what must be the extent of the imposition among a people utterly ignorant of all science, who neither read nor travel to reap information, and whose superstitious bigotry can scarcely be equalled! Were all the shields and all the grease sold as genuine, absolutely so, the whole breed of the rhinoceros must have been long since extirpated.

The *shecarries*, or native sportsmen, who lie in wait for the rhinoceros, are ordinarily furnished with *jinjals*, or heavy matchlocks, such as are commonly appropriated for the defence of mud forts, and may be properly classed with the arquebuss of former times. They carry balls from one to three ounces in weight; and



having very substantial barrels, are too heavy to fire without a rest. Many have an iron fork of about a foot or more in length, fixed by a pivot not far from the muzzle, which being placed on a wall, in a bush, or eventually on the ground, serves to support it, and enables the *shecarrie* to aim with great precision, which he seldom fails to do. It has been found, that in the defence of some mud forts, in *Bundelcund* especially, the besieged have exhibited most astonishing dexterity in this particular, rarely failing to hit their object in the head, or near the heart, though at very great distances. All the fire-arms made in India for the use of the natives have small cylindrical chambers, and are mostly of a very small bore. They impart a wonderful impetus to the ball.

To the power of an iron ball, discharged from a *jinjal*, even the rhinoceros must submit; though sometimes he will carry off one or more balls, and wander many hours before he drops. The aim being taken from a tree, or from some inaccessible situation, in which the *shecarrie* feels himself secure, and a steady cool sight can be taken, rarely proves incorrect. Levelling with precision at the eye, the thorax, or under the flap of the shoulder, all of which are principal objects, he generally inflicts a fatal wound. The rhinoceros now becomes desperate; roaring, snorting, stamping, and tearing up the ground both with his horn and his feet, as bulls are wont to do, butting at trees, and at every object that may be within his reach. The cautious *shecarrie* awaits with patience for his last gasp; sensible that, while a spark of life remains, it would be highly imprudent to venture from his state of safety, or to approach the ferocious prey. Oxen are ordinarily used to drag the carcass away, which is the common mode of conveyance, horses not being employed in India, except for riding, among the natives, and because elephants and horses, are so afraid of

even a dead rhinoceros, as to render it peculiarly difficult to induce their approach within either sight or smell of one. Elephants that have been long taken, and which in all probability may have in some measure forgotten their old enemy, do not in general evince such extreme dread; though when they do venture, it is always with very evident distrust, and after much evasion.

One very striking peculiarity attends this animal; viz. that it invariably goes to the same spot to dung, until the heap becomes so high as to render further increase inconvenient; when a fresh spot is chosen, usually on a small opening in the midst of a heavy jungle. These heaps, while they serve as beacons to warn other animals, which no doubt are also guided by the scent, and other instinctive circumstances, to a knowledge of their dangerous vicinity, afford to the *shecarrie* an opportunity of making certain of his object. Much caution is necessary in approaching the purlieus of these extraordinary piles. The rhinoceros is endued with a remarkably quick sense of smelling, and is said to be extremely crafty in stealing through the cover to surprise whatever may unfortunately come near his haunt. We have the more reason to wonder at such conduct, when we consider that the rhinoceros is not carnivorous, and that nature, has enveloped him with such a complete armour against the attacks of the whole brute creation: probably, were we able to analyze the subject completely, we should find that such destructive sallies are only made by females having young, and resulting from a jealousy, of which many other animals participate considerably.

The *shecarrie* may, however, unless he examine the dung, be under a mistake, though he will not be very grievously disappointed; for the *souboor*, or elk, has the same habit of dunging the piles. These animals grow to an immense size, and their skins are very valuable, being when

properly prepared, at least as soft as sheep-skins, and very strong. The males are nearly black having tanned points, and carrying broad, heavy horns : the does are more of a mouse or roan colour, and of an inferior size to the buck. Elks are not very common in India, as they keep most on the frontiers, in the heavy jungles already described ; they are also to be seen occasionally to the westward, in the hills stretching from *Midnapore* to *Chunar*. Though the elk cannot be compared with the rhinoceros for mischief, and will, on the contrary, like all their deer species, rather retire from, than meet approach, except in the rutting season, when bucks are generally very vicious, yet he is not always passive, being sometimes known to attack without the least provocation.

As an instance of the extremely savage disposition of the rhinoceros, I shall adduce a memorable circumstance which occurred about the close of the year 1788. Two officers belonging to the troops cantoned at *Dinapore* near Patna, went down the river towards *Monghyr* to shoot and hunt. They had encamped in the vicinity of *Derriapore*, and had heard some reports of a *ghendah*, or rhinoceros, having attacked some travellers many miles off. One morning, just as they were rising, about day break, to quest for game, they heard a violent uproar, and on looking out, found that a rhinoceros was goring their horses, both of which, being fastened by their head and heel ropes, were consequently either unable to escape or to resist. The servants took to their heels, and concealed themselves in the neighbouring *jow* jungles, and the gentlemen had just time to climb up into a small tree, not far distant, before the furious beast, having completed the destruction of the horses, turned his attention to their masters ! They were barely out of his reach, and by no means exempt from danger ; especially as he assumed a threatening appearance, and seemed intent

on their downfall. After keeping them in dreadful suspense for some time, and using some efforts to dislodge them, seeing the sun rise, he retreated to his haunt ; not, however, without occasionally casting an eye back as with regret, at leaving what he wanted the power to destroy.

This well-known instance is more illustrative than a myriad of details from the natives, to establish the cruel disposition of the rhinoceros : it is, I believe, the only fact which has been completely ascertained within many years, if ever before, in proof of the wanton attacks in which the rhinoceros indulges. In this, its natural antipathy to the elephant is not considered ; possibly there may be some motive for its conduct towards that animal. The incident just described may be deemed the more curious, as it has been scarcely ever known that a rhinoceros has appeared on the western banks of the Ganges ; to which it was probably carried by some inundation, perhaps of an island in the *Gogra*, and landed promiscuously, wherever it found means to escape from the violence of the current.

In the former part of this number, when adverting to the horn of the rhinoceros as a powerful weapon, I mentioned, that an instance would be furnished of its powers. In explanation, I have to inform the reader, that one of the horses destroyed was saddled, and was killed by a stroke of the horn ; which not only penetrated completely through the saddle flap, and padding, but fractured two ribs, leaving a wound through which a small hand might pass into the horse's lungs. The rhinoceros in question continued for some time to infest the country, rendering the roads impassable ; but, a handsome reward being offered, he was shot by an adventurous *shecarrie*, with a *jinjal*, or wall piece, that carried a large iron ball ; not, however, before many travellers and villages had fallen victims to his ferocity. I was informed that he was upwards of six feet high at the shoulder.



It does not appear that the rhinoceros does much damage to the cultivation near the confines of those large jungles in which he is usually found: nor do I ever hear of their being seen in herds: pairs have frequently been observed. Nor have we any document whereby to guide our opinion regarding the period of gestation, or the number of the young; which, from the various points to be considered, we may perhaps be right in fixing at unity. Were it otherwise we should see the species over-running every part of the country, and occupying every sufficient cover; for we have no evidence, nor in truth any reasonable conjecture, as to any natural enemy existing, sufficiently powerful to thin their numbers. It has already been shown that the elephant, which is the only animal that could be placed on a par with the rhinoceros, so far from being its superior, is rather compelled to resort to defensive measures.

Many assert, that herds of elephants, in which there are females having young calves, will not hesitate to stand bravely against the rhinoceros; and this is so conformable to the ordinary course of nature, which dictates to each mother to defend its progeny, that we may assent thereto without any violence to our understanding; but there our coincidence should stop, and by no means join with such as do not hesitate to assure us, that such herds rather seek than avoid their enemy. This is carrying the matter too far; it is subverting the wisest of nature's laws, which prompts to self preservation. It could hardly be supposed that a mother, with a babe at the breast, would seek that danger which, if single, and bereft of the object of her affection, she

would use every means to avoid. We should as soon expect to see an ewe seeking for a wolf, because she had a lamb.

Although the rhinoceros appears to subsist in this wild state on grass, leaves, and occasionally on corn, yet when domesticated he will not thrive unless in a good paddock, and well fed once or twice daily with rice or cakes; and it is peculiar that, under such circumstances, he loses the habit of dunging in a pile. I should be inclined to suspect that this anomaly originated from the want of a mate. Both the rhinoceros and the elephant, at certain seasons, become extremely lustful; or, in the language of Hindostan, they are *must*. This applies only to the males; which however tame at other times, during a week or ten days, or often for a longer period, discharge an offensive matter from the apertures of the temples, and are extremely unruly. While in this state, a male elephant is generally quite unfit for every capacity in which he is ordinarily employed, and should be approached with extreme caution, even by his own *mohout*. It sometimes happens, that after being mounted, he cannot for fear of his life descend again; and many a *mohout* has been obliged to sit for several days and nights together on his elephant. Some have been taken off by the elephant's trunk; but that member is so extremely tender, that a smart stroke or application of the point of the *hankus*, or guiding iron, seldom fails to put a stop to such attempts. The very look of a *must* elephant chills the blood. I should think a rencontre between an elephant and a rhinoceros, both in that state, must be highly interesting.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

HISTORY OF PLANTS AFFORDING INDIGO ; ESPECIALLY  
OF THE WOAD IN FRANCE.

M. de Lasteyrie has lately published at Paris a volume treating on Indigo, the manner of preparing it from European plants, with the history of the foreign article. From that performance we extract the following notices.

The real Indigo has been known in Europe only since the sixteenth century ; and has come into general use in the course of the seventeenth century. It is nevertheless certain from history, description, and from some specimens of the art still preserved, that a very beautiful blue colour was obtained long before that time. This was from the woad, called *guède* by old writers, and *Isatis tinctoria* by the botanists. The use of this plant for dying may be traced to the remotest antiquity. Pliny reports that the women of Britain coloured themselves by means of this plant ; whence we learn that their coquetry desired blue complexions,—it was the fashion.

In no country does the woad grow more abundantly or more perfectly than in France ; especially in the part of Languedoc called before the revolution the Lauragais. That country was absolutely enriched by the commerce of this plant. Those who entered largely into the cultivation of it, made such immense fortunes, that the most considerable edifices of Toulouse were built by the manufacturers of this dye ; and one of them, Pierre de Bernier, was security for the ransom of François I. The "Instruction générale pour les Teinturiers en Laine," printed at Paris in 1661, affirms

that the cessation of the commerce in woad, and of the use of it in dyeing occasioned a loss of *forty millions of livres* to Upper Languedoc, annually ; a sum so prodigious, especially when valued according to the present rate of money, that it is suspected of exaggeration. The Kings of France, the Parliament, the states of Languedoc, did not see with indifference so profitable a branch of commerce declining and at length disappearing altogether. They opposed by severe edicts the introduction of *indique*, or indigo ; which supplanted woad, not so much by the superiority of its properties for dyeing, as by the cheap rate at which it could be obtained. It then cost 40 sous, (*twenty-pence* per lb. at present it costs from a guinea to twenty-five shillings) : Henry IV. even went so far as to pronounce *pain of death* against those who employed a *false and pernicious drug called Inde*. The prohibition of indigo subsisted under Louis XIII. Colbert was desirous of maintaining this prohibition ; but, at length carried away by the great number of those who violated his enactments (no uncommon occurrence) he allowed the use of *six lbs.* of indigo to a *balle* of woad :—the *balle* is 200lbs. The other Sovereigns of Europe counteracted the introduction of indigo, all in their power : the Emperor Rudolphus II. in an ordinance published in 1577, describes it as "hurtful, deceitful, corrosive, devouring and diabolical.—*Eine saediche, betrueglich, fressende, corrosio und teufels furbe.*"



# POETRY.

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FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

## THE LEGITIMATE SON.

By Mr. Elton.

'Rome's empress pale on her death-bed lay,  
And her lips and forehead were cold as clay,  
"Oh emperor! hear—three sons are mine,  
But one of the three alone is thine."

'Eufemian dropp'd the scalding tear,  
And his brow was bath'd in the dew of fear;  
"Thy crime, Theodora, shall pardon gain,  
But speak! that my true-born son may reign."

'The empress gaz'd with a ghastly eye,  
And her bosom heav'd a deep-drawn sigh;  
But a mother's love was strong in death,  
And speechless she yielded up her breath.

'On his death-bed soon Rome's emperor lay,  
And his lips and forehead were cold as clay:

"Jerusalem's king shall fill my throne,  
Till that my true-born son be known."

'Jerusalem's king the mandate gave;  
They raise the corse from its new-made grave;

With arrows and bows the sons must stand,  
And the sceptre shall gift the truest hand.

'The princes the shrouded monarch see  
At distance bound to a plantane-tree:  
With steady aim the eldest stands,  
And the bowstring twangs in his nervous hands.

'In the forehead cold of the breathless corse  
The arrow quivers with cleaving force;  
Then forth from the throng the second came,

And weary stood with an archer's aim.

'He drew the bow with rebounding twang,  
Through the whistling air the arrow sang;  
As the light'ning swift, that bearded dart  
Was lodg'd in the lifeless monarch's heart.

'Jerusalem's king then turn'd to know  
Why the youngest prince came loitering slow;

But with sobs and cries that rent the ear  
That youthful prince stood weeping near.

'The darts and bow to his grasp were giv'n,

But his eyes in horror were rais'd to heav'n;

He trampled the bow and he snapp'd the dart,

"Ah! shall I pierce my father's heart?"

'Jerusalem's king from his throne stept down,

On the youngest's brows he plac'd the crown:

"Untouch'd shall the corse of thy father be

By the hand of his son; for thou art he!"

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FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

## THE CATCH CLUB.

THE noblemen and gentlemen, members of the CATCH CLUB, have unanimously voted their *gold medal* this year for the best *serious glee* to Mr. Condell: the words of which are

A BALLADE OF WYNTER.

Loud blowe the wyndes with blustering breath

And snows fall cold upon the heath,

And hill and vale looke drear;

The torrents foam with headlong roar,

And trees their chilly loads deplore,

And droppe the icy tear.

The little birdes with wishful eye,

For almes unto my cottage flye,

Sith they can boaste no hoarde;

Sharp in myne house the pilgrims peep,

But Robin will not distance keepe,

So percheth on my boarde.

Come in ye little minstrels swete,

And from your fathers shake the sleete,

And warme your freezing bloode;

No cat shall touch a single plume,

Come in sweet choir—nay—fill my room,

And take of grain a treat.

Then flicker gay about my beams,

And hoppe and doe what pleasant seemes,

And be a joyfull throng;

Till Spring may clothe the naked grove,

Then go and build your nests, and love,

And thank me with a song.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

## NAPOLEON'S

LAST CONFERENCE WITH THE BRITISH  
AMBASSADOR, LORD WHITWORTH,  
PREVIOUS TO THE PRESENT WAR.*Quid immerentes hospites vexas, Canis ?*

HOR.

The following, is one of those *jeux d'esprit*, which fell from the pen of the late Mr. Cumberland ; though he was not known as their author, to which we alluded in our ninth volume, page 1071. He saw that circumstances required "every man to do his duty" to his country ; and he knew that the duty of a man of letters, was to raise the feeling of his countrymen to its proper pitch. This can now be done only by that powerful engine, the Press ; by which intelligence, sentiments, reasonings, opinions, and expressions of conviction, are circulated in a few days, from the metropolis, throughout every country in the empire. We need say nothing in explanation of the character of the speakers, or rather speaker, in this Conference : they are well sustained. Other productions of the same pen will grace our pages, in continuation.

Napoleon, tho' a pigmy sprite,  
Was freakish as a mule ;  
Th' ambassador was twice as stout,  
And more than twice as cool.

With this great little man to talk  
He came from fair Whitehall ;  
But word he put in none, for why ?  
The little man talk'd all.

"The wind is west"—The consul cried,  
And fierce as flame he grew ;  
"That cursed wind ne'er blew me good,  
"And now it blows me you !

"Tell your friend, Addington, from me,  
"If he's a man of peace,  
"To clap a muzzle on his press,  
"And stop his cackling geese.

"Kick out my rascal renegades,  
"Then let them starve and rot !  
"For your John Bull, if he must roar,  
"Let him ; I heed him not.

"And where is Malta ? By my soul !  
"I hold that place so dear,  
"Were I to choose 'twixt this and that,  
"I'd sooner see you here.

"Turn to your treaty ! Here it is—  
"To section, number ten—  
"If rightly you have conn'd it not,  
"Here ! con it o'er again !

"Hell and damnation ! am I fobb'd  
"Of this and Egypt too ?  
"What says your minister to that ?  
"Let's hear it :—What say you ?"

Now reason good there is to think  
His lordship here had spoke,  
If this loud little man his thread  
Of reas'ning had not broke.

"Egypt !" he cried, "I cou'd have seiz'd—  
"That curst ill-omen'd shore !  
"With five and twenty thousand men,  
"Though you were there with four.

"But Egypt soon or late is mine ;  
"So take a prophet's word,  
"And Nile thro' all his sev'n wide mouths  
"Shall hail me for his lord.

"Sebastiani scour'd the coast,  
"And well I chose my man,  
"For sure, if any can ride post,  
"Sebastiani can.

"If soon the Turkish empire falls,  
"My portion shall be this ;  
"If still it totters, I'll arrange  
"With Sultan as with Swiss.

"What tho' a Mussulman I was,  
"While interest was in view,  
"When I have made the bargain sure,  
"I'll let him call me Jew.

"And now you know my plan, submit !  
"Secrets of state I scorn ;  
"Strike, or expect me on your shores,  
"As sure as you were born.

"One hundred, tho' it be, to one,  
"The odds alarm not me ;  
"What were the odds that little I  
"Great Lord of France should be ?

"Tho' army after army sink ;  
"Yet sink or swim, I'll do't,  
"Of their pil'd bodies make a bridge,  
"And then march o'er on foot.

"They're not my countrymen, but slaves,  
"Whose blood I freely spill ;  
"They're us'd to slaughter—and if you  
"Won't kill them off, I will."

This said, his little fist he clench'd,  
And smote the board full sore—  
"Hum !" cried my lord, then strode away,  
And word spake never more.

Joannes Gilpinus Londinensis.



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"He that heareth reproof getteth understanding" Prov..

## PREFACE.

It is intended in the following pages to offer to Unbelievers, AFTER THEIR OWN MANNER OF REASONING, Reasons for the truth and certainty of the Christian Religion, both in its theory and in its "power," deduced from and confirmed by *data* to be found in their own judgments and consciences.

Those who disbelieve the Bible, do not allow their opponents to urge their arguments from *premises* which their minds already reject, it is therefore the purpose here to convince them from "topics of reason" in which they can at once give their consent.—In this manner the Bible is demonstrated to be true.

It is next endeavoured to show, *how it is* that God who is a Spirit, "and whom no man hath seen at any time," doth yet as certainly and *perceptibly* manifest Himself to the *mind*, as does the radiance of the natural Sun to our outward senses at noon day. This being a doctrine of vital importance to christianity, though little regarded by some *theoretical* christians, is here proposed to the *reason* and *understanding* of all objectors, and enforced by suitable Scripture concurrence.

Finally, as Religion is a *Scriptural* service, and is an affection and feeling of the heart, wrought there, *perceptibly* and *preternaturally* by the Holy Ghost, to the sure and *certain evidence* and consolation of all true Believers, it is endeavoured to show the energy and transforming effect of that spiritual power, in convincing and convicting of Sin, and in "changing the heart," by exhibiting the operations of that spirit in the death of convicted Sinners, dying in despair; in Sinners reformed; and in Saints who lived and died in the assurance of Faith.—The persons selected for this evidence, are such as are best known to

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Quis leget hæc?—Nemo hercule, nemo.  
*Persius, Sat. I.*

The Muse desponding, strikes her lyre in vain,

She finds no ear at leisure for the strain;  
Art's toiling sons their slighted stores unfold;

Each eye is vacant, and each heart is cold.

Part II.